Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1839.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To T.B. Your letter, written about two months since, has just turned up. Never mind the postage, but send an article as frequently as your leisure permits.

Will any one inform us whether Rob Roy or Rattler was the sire of Nancy Marlborough, the dam of Wonder. The late owner of Wonder informed us that Rattler was N. M.'s sire—others say Rob Roy. Which is right?

The engagement, of which "M." enquires, is not consummated; from all we can learn it is doubtful whether his favorite will be allowed to return to the stage, though a step "greatly desiderated," as Ollapod says, by herself.

A letter from "A. of N. C." reached us yesterday, too late for insertion, but will appear in our next, though we run a risk of getting rubbed down with a brickbat.

That "most potent, grave, and reverend seignior," our friend "THE BARON," places us under a mountain of obligations for his considerate kindness. The way ducks hop down on the June bugs is not a huckleberry to the *flare up* that's a-coming! There will be a rumpling of feathers anon.

A gentleman writes us a double letter from "Solitude, Montgomery County, Tenn." (for which we were obliged to pay half a dollar postage) in relation to a card published in this paper last November, and remarks that we shall "confer a favor by publishing the same in this paper and the Turf Register!" A modest request, truly. The writer will oblige us by directing his future epistles to some other quarter; his correspondence is too expensive for us.

The communication of "X" is respectfully declined, as it would not only lead to a furious newspaper war, but be seized on as a precedent by forty people we wot of, whenever a favorite horse was beaten. We do not question the facts stated by "X" as the cause of ——'s defeat, though we saw him in his stable on the morning of the race, referred to, and felt of him; he might have been weak, but his coat was fine and his flesh appeared well seasoned and distributed, and we know that his immediate friends were excessively confident. He is a horse of too much game and speed to require an apology for a defeat, and if we could have the pleasure of five minutes' conversation with "X," we think we could convince him of the propriety of omitting his communication.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 15, 1839.

THE LIE OF THE "EVENING STAR."

CONSPIRACY AGAINST "THE MIRROR."

However contemptuously we might have thought of the sincerity of the "Star," andhowever lightly valued its political honesty, we were surely not prepared to see in its columns so wicked and gross a libel as the editor wrote and published on Saturday last, in answer to our remarks upon the "Mirror." It would be as absurd to deny to the editor of that paper a great share of apparent good feeling and *bonhommie*, as to claim for him any degree of correctness of moral feeling or fixed principle. However much we might have feared from the malice of the man and his false-heartedness, we suspected no motive adequate to draw him from his usual position of easy good-nature—flattering mediocrity, and craving indulgence for vice. In his paper of Saturday last, he insinuates a lie so villanous, that for a moment we were startled by its atrocity. He *insinuates* the lie—for his prudence has taught him how to avoid the consequences of slander, without detracting from its malevolence. It might be more becoming the character of this paper and its editor to pass the slander by; we should do so, but for the occasion it affords us to remark at some length upon several topics suggested by the article in the "Star."

The "Star" charges in substance—for we repeat, his prudence or his cowardice has covered the lie under a general insinuation—that this paper has received pecuniary assistance from the mother of Miss Clifton,—that it has been paid by her to "write down Hamblin." A scandalous Sunday paper catches inspiration from the "Star," and amplifies the original lie and specifies dates and sums. The charge is as false as falsehood can be,—false in all its aspects, all its details, in its sum and substance. It is a brutal, a cruel, and unmanly lie. Between that woman and the editor of the "Spirit of the Times" there never took place a pecuniary transaction of any nature whatever,—save only that she is a subscriber to the paper, and by reference to the ledger it appears that her account is paid up to the current volume and no more. We repeat, and wish to do so as comprehensively as possible, that the "Spirit of the Times" never received one dollar or one cent of accommodation from that woman, either directly or indirectly, from herself or her agents, her family or her friends;—her aid was never asked, was never received, was never offered, was never contemplated. In every aspect, in every insinuation, the charge is a wicked, a cowardly, and an unadulterated falsehood.

Had it been true in any possible manner, by indirection, or by plain payment of money, that that woman had aided the "Spirit of the Times" from her wealth—or had thought to repay its early, its uniform, its unflinching support of her daughter upon the stage,—it would have been brutal in the "Star" to have published it; but to coin the falsehood, and give it currency, was doubly base. That we are poor enough the "Star" well knows, and by the same token he knows too, that we are honest. What a picture of hoarded malice and utter destitution of all honorable and moral feeling does that old man present, sitting down with deliberate purpose to blast the character and the hopes of a young man whom almost every week he was naming as "our worthy friend of the Spirit of the Times!" Aiming, too, to do this by a calumny, a lie, as atrocious as malice could invent—a lie secure of the widest currency (we regret to say) by its indecent and scandalous nature! Urgent the impulse, and deep-rooted the hate that suggested so rancorous a villany!

But perhaps we are going more seriously into this subject than the defence of our character calls for. So far as the interests of the paper are affected by it, we have not cared "a red cent" for the whole affair; but it may be as well that those in town who neither know us, nor habitually read our paper, should be informed of the truth of this business. Let us turn now to the great topic of the day, the conspiracy against the "Mirror." If the editor of the "Mirror" be not the first to cry "cave," then have we "lost our guess." He seems determined, (for all will believe that the "Star" speaks his fears and his hopes, till he comes out in his own paper), that there shall be a conspiracy or a plot of some kind to ruin him. The "Spirit" is lugged into it head and shoulders, although till last week the "Mirror" had not been named in its columns for six or eight months except with commendation. And the article last week would not have been written, but for the impertinence of the "Star" on Tuesday in accusing us of conspiring. But now that we are in for it, "nolens volens" (is that good latin, neighbors?) let us look about for our associates. The "New Yorker" and "Corsair" are named as in the league with us, and verily, with most decent and welcome co-laborers have you joined us! One would rather enter into a conspiracy at once, than be suspected of a difference on cardinal points with either of these journals. Perhaps it would gratify the "Mirror" if we were to show up the pair to our readers. And first for the "New Yorker;"—it is edited by our old friend HORACE GREELEY, and Mr. PARK BENJAMIN. Mr. Greeley is the friend of our early days, and a right manly, honest editor is he. So eminent are his abilities, and so remarkable his industry, that we boldly predict for him a brilliant future; and his career as an editor—thus far since his recent outset, propitious—is destined to be yet more commanding; he will be yet heard of in the councils of his country. Into whatever situation he may be thrown, however he may be elevated or depressed in life, he will carry with him a right staunch and sturdy honesty, the noblest gift of God.

Of his associate, we know less, personally; he has acquired great distinction in the world of letters: he presided worthily over the New York Monthly Magazine for several years, and is a vigorous, trenchant, and affluent writer. But he has no taste, we candidly confess, for he thinks General MORRIS no poet. Indeed, he seems to think "no great shakes anyhow" of our neighbor as a writer, unless as a writer of Friday puffs; in these he grants his eminence. We have started two or three theories of our own to explain the perversity of Mr. Benjamin's taste in this particular—his entire obtuseness as to the extent of our neighbor's literary excellence. At first we thought it might be the usual insensibility of prosaic minds to the charms of verse. But not so, for we often have him in his paper descanting with enthusiastic fervor upon the sweetness of some neglected brother of the lyre. Again, we have thought it might be jealousy, for we fancied Mr. Benjamin

—— ——"knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme."

But it can scarcely be that, for we find him often cheering the young poets of our country with glowing praise, and earnest commendation. Nor can it be indifference to the higher elements of poetry, for every page of his writings indicates familiarity with the old masters of the art, and a thorough appreciation of their glories. The thing, indeed, puzzles us, and we can only say of it, that it is like one of those strange freaks of nature which sometimes denies a man the perfection of the sense of smell, so that the fragrance of the rose and of assafœtida are alike indifferent, although a distinction may be perceived. It would not in the least surprise us if Mr. Benjamin should perceive beauties in the "Thanatopsis" of Bryant, and yet he affects indifference to the most touching melodies of the gallant editor of the "Mirror!" He even went so far as to "cut up" one of the minor poems of Gen. Morris, which is universally esteemed as the happiest production of his muse. The title of it has for the moment escaped us, although the last lines are fixed indelibly in our memory:—

"Cold his heart—and cold the weather—
Cold her faded form;
Her heart and morning broke together
In a storm."

Hie thee, Mr. Benjamin, to your books, study Alison again,—go back to Campbell and Blair; after purifying the grossness of your present taste, and deriving a new instinct for poetry, return to the works of our contemporary of the "Mirror," and we shall see no more rude flings of a Saturday at the military genius of our city. With this improvement, the "New Yorker" will become in all respects, what it now is in all save this, nearly perfect—one of the best, and certainly the cheapest, good paper issued from the island of Manhattan; (*in course*, the "Spirit" ever excepted.)

Now come we to the "Corsair." When this paper was commenced, we spoke of it and its conductors in much the same phrase which we should have employed of any literary enterprise of which we had like knowledge; our close relationship with one of the editors may have led us into warmth of commendation, but the connection was avowed, and could not, therefore, have misled. Subsequently we have once noticed the "Corsair," but in such terms as we thought decorous and not immodest. But we aimed at the most studied impartiality towards that paper and the several weekly papers with which it is supposed to compete. This especially applies to the "Mirror," which we did not cease to commend, somewhat to the scandal of the friends of the resident editor of the "Corsair." Our position was not appreciated by the friends of the "Mirror," and accordingly, upon the first opportunity, the "Star" abused us, without one word said on our parts. To the "Star" we replied last week, and that reply surprised no individual so much as the editor of the "Corsair." He was not only entirely uninformed that it was our purpose to notice the "Mirror," "Star," or "Life in New York," but had argued from our previous course that we should avoid mingling in such affairs at all. If, then, we appear to have been forced from our neutrality, it has not been by his solicitations, but by the attack of the "Star." We are determined henceforth to give the "Corsair" puffs in sober earnest, and without any regard to our former neutral position. And we say of it now without hesitation, that it is one of the best literary papers in the world. The plan of it is such that it can scarcely be otherwise, a large portion being devoted to extracts from European literature, and the remainder filled with the contributions of the editors and their correspondents. It is a bold and manly paper, advocating the truth with vigor and fearlessness—never frightened into insipidity by apprehension lest this or that man should feel aggrieved. We do not mean that it is quarrelsome, but full of spirit, the editors never hesitating to say just what they think; so that if there is anything going on in the world, you will hear of it, with the remarks thereon by men of sense, spirit, and candor.

There—you have now our opinion of the "Corsair," and we did not receive $500 for it either, and consequently it may be worth something. In thinking upon this conspiracy, our surprise and regret is that the "Albion" was not named in the league against the "Mirror." It is one of the best of periodicals, and moreover, has been so for many years. By what fatuity it escaped, when we were included with the other good weekly prints in this famed league—"the league," *par eminence* henceforth—we cannot divine. Had they but brought the "Albion" into it, they would indeed have had nearly "all the decency" of the weekly press down upon them. Perhaps they are trying to win over the editor of that paper to fight for them;—*perhaps* they will do it, and then, again, "perhaps they won't!"

But we are within an inch of forgetting the "champaigne and the goblet," which seem to disturb the "Star" so much. It was the "Star brand," my dear Major, and can it be that you abuse us for receiving such a present, and from a lady, too? The truth is, that Miss Clifton, in the kindness of her good heart, thought to signify to us her thanks for the valor and perseverance with which we had fought her battles for her from time immemorial—services which it was impossible for her substantially to repay—by a token of remembrance which she knew would be welcome of itself, even without any consideration on our part of the giver. She accordingly sent us a basket of champaign and a nice little goblet, from which to drink bumpers to her beauty, and renown to the most magnificent of her sex. For a long while she had been pestering us to find out the significance of the mysterious T. which distinguishes our euphonious cognomen. But we were resolute—there is a meaning in that unrevealed word—our patronymic, as it were—which mortal ken shall not penetrate before the destined hour—the time has not yet come. At last she determined to venture the gift without the benefit of a classical inscription, and plain "W. T." alone designated the ever worthy recipient! The champaign came—was consecrated by the remembrance of the charms of the donor, and was drank in her honor. But alas! the "Star" has stepped in to dissipate the illusion—the wine was the gift of the mother of Miss C., and not of that admirable actress! You are too late, Major—the wine has been drank, and the inspiration exhausted—it has had its effect, and praises have been written which cannot be recalled. And why should they be recalled? Because the "Star" howls, and the "Mirror" *clique* fret, and rave, and storm at us? In all seriousness do we assure the splendid woman, our advocacy of whose merits as an actress has so often called down upon us malevolent attacks, that all the snarling and barking of a licentious press, and the jibes and jeers of enemies or friends, will never drive us from our position in her defence. We shall ever vie with her admirers in signifying our respect, not by empty flattery, but by thoroughgoing and persevering efforts to sustain her rank in her profession, and to encourage her in still higher aspirations.

But to the champaign again. As the "Star" has relieved our minds of any delicacy we might have felt in passing our judgment upon it, by assuring us that it did not come from Miss Clifton, we wish to give a word of advice as to the kind of wine in future to be sent to us to purchase a puff. The "Star brand" won't do—it is a sweetish, "sloppy" kind of wine, agreeable enough to the palate of a child, but pernicious in its influence upon the system of a sound man. It would require two baskets of it to wring from us even a notice of an actress's eyebrow. It takes a couple of bottles of it to wake an editor up, and even at that it is not what we call a first-rate "eye-opener"—it leaves you so muddy and stupid. We are determined to receive no more subscriptions, or payment for puffs, in this brand. The "Napoleon" is infinitely better. Two hampers of it will purchase from us at any time a compliment to the *face* of a very *beautiful* actress.

But upon the whole, is it not a small matter for the "Star" to be peering about to learn how we get our champaign, or for any *gentleman* to busy himself in communicating the important intelligence? It will soon be hazardous for gentlemen to chat over "their peas and salmon," (are peas and salmon orthodox, Major?) upon the brilliancy of Heidsieck, or the flavor of Burgundy, lest suspicions be aroused. Indeed, it would scarcely surprise us, if the purpose of a certain *clique* cannot otherwise be attained, if they should go to telling names and naming *domiciles*. If an argument is to be answered by telling what a man drinks or eats, and how he gets it, the next point will be to tell where he sleeps, and how he gets it. Push the point as far as *you* please, Major; only be cautious lest you "wake up the wrong passenger." *We* are bachelors, and very virtuous.

We have allowed ourselves to spin out these remarks so far, that we have no room to go further into several topics connected with the subject, or even to touch upon them. When more at leisure the subject may be resumed.

A GASTRONOMIC SURVEY

OF THE DINING-HOUSES IN LONDON.

Much has been said, and some little written, on the allurements and advantages held out to the lovers of good feeding by the restaurants of the French capital; yet, while I admit the countless variety of the Parisian establishments, and the ingenuity exercised by the proprietors in their vocation, I cannot be unmindful of the culinary comforts to be met with and enjoyed both east and west of Temple-Bar. In spite of the hyperbolical praises so lavishly bestowed by certain expatriated *gourmands*, on the superiority of French living, I am prepared to show that the cities of London and Westminster (the lawyers have made them two) can vie with the metropolis of France; at all events, in the *quality* of the eatables, if not the talent displayed in their final arrangement.

Gentle reader! I have travelled far and wide,—have visited every quarter of the globe; but on the whole surface of the earth (a wide field, by the way,) there is no spot which yields such meat as dear old England. In the whole world there are not any such markets as Leadenhall and Billingsgate. I once inducted a Frenchman to these matchless bazaars, and he was lost in admiration and wonderment. There he saw fish, flesh, and fowl, in perfection; the luscious salmon, the tempting turbot, the rare but racy dory, the delicate smelt, and inimitable mullet; the plump and juicy joints of Southdown mutton, the far-famed sirloin, and snow-white veal. His amazement conquered all national prejudice, and he confessed that France could produce nothing equal to the splendid display before him. With such materials to work upon, he (for I speak not of cooks of the softer sex,) must be a botcher indeed who could fail to tickle the palate of the most fastidious. The greater *craft* may, indeed must, be called into requisition on the other side of the Channel, else how could a Parisian *chef* dish you up such appatizing *friandises* out of the tough, skinny, scraggy, tasteless, fatless, mutton and beef, on which he is doomed to waste his talent? In vain will the uninitiated traveller look for the accustomed accompaniment of fat. His *bouilli* and *roti* are both alike innocent of such an excrescence. He might as well look for the slippery morsel on the attenuated frame of the living skeleton,as on the flesh of a Continental ox or sheep. A facetious commentator has somewhere remarked that a French cook will concoct a palatable dish out of an old shoe. For myself, I never met with this savoury *morceau*, but the assertion tends to verify the Gallic adage, "*C'est la sauce qui fait manger le poisson*," and this I take to be *la fond* of foreign cookery.

The fund of invention in a Parisian *chef de cuisine* is inexhaustible; his gravies and his sauces are various as the tastes of his customers; to-day you may at Very's partake of a poulet a la Marengo, and to-morrow the same dish at the Trois Freres Provençaux will be as different as a wild from a tame duck. Our Gallic neighbours begin to discover, that we are rather better versed in the science of gastronomy than we were wont to be, and the cynic who stigmatized us as a nation who had "Vingt religions et qu'une sauce," would be inclined in the present day to reverse the sarcasm. Now nothing can be so unjust and unmerited as this sweeping censure. The fellow knew nothing about it. It so happens that London is deluged with sauces. Go to any hotel, and the very cruet-stand, containing the pyramidical crystals, will give the lie to the assertion. Why, Burgess alone could furnish a list which would fill a dozen of their *cartes*. I will even ask any disinterested frequenter of a French restaurant, if he have not many a time and oft longed for his anchovy, Harvey, and Soy, while discussing his "portion" of very questionable fish in Paris? I anticipate a ready affirmative to this truly momentous question.

Reader, do you really and truly hold in affection that rarely-to-be-met-with, but never-to-be-sufficiently admired indigenous dish—a well-dressed rump-steak? One question more, and I have done: Did you ever meet with one in perfection out of England? With your good leave I will tell you where your longing may be gratified, and in so doing I beg to premise that I am perfectly unbiassed in the preference I may give to one or more knights of the gridiron; and the valuable information I am about to impart is the result of much research. When Sterne wrote of things being better managed in France than in England, he never bethought him of a rump-steak. To this day a Frenchman knows as little about the mystery of cutting and dressing this dainty as an Esquimaux. Not many years have elapsed since I was asked by the garçon at Vefour's, in the Palais Royal, if I preferred a *bifteck de mouton, or a bifteck de veau!!!* This is a fact. But, *revenons a nos moutons*.

We have all read of the wisdom of the East. Now, I hold it to be a component part of wisdom to find out where the best eatables are to be found; but, whether the wisdom of the East extended to the *science* of gastronomy, I will not pretend to determine; nevertheless, the men of the East of the present day lack not the wisdom I would glorify, inasmuch as they give proof of their knowledge of the good things of this life, by supporting the purveyors of delicacies in the vicinity of their houses of business.

In a parallel line with Sweeting's Alley is a narrow passage, called Sweeting's Rents, in which stands a small house, having on its door the sponsorial abbreviation of "Joe." In either window may daily be seen, symmetrically arranged, an appetizing assortment of rumps of beef of first-rate quality, flanked by chops and cutlets of every denomination. The eye is rivetted as if by magic upon this tempting display; to resist is impossible. On entering (for enter you *must*), you are accosted by Joe himself, in appropriate costume,—you point to the identical well-trimmed and marbled rump of beef you have selected in your mind's eye, and in a trice the coveted object is before you. A flourish or two on the steel pendant from his apron-string, and the keen blade has severed with a surgical neatness, a steak of just and proper thickness. But, ye lovers of juice and gravy! curb, I pray ye, Joe's barbarous propensity,—he *beats* it: it is a vulgar habit, and breaks the cells in which the gravy of the meat is contained, thereby rendering your steak dry and tasteless. Having rescued the precious object of your choice from the martyrdom I have described, the next process in which you are *visibly* interested, whilst ensconced within a box, six feet by two, is patiently to watch the fiery ordeal the matchless morsel is undergoing. The huge grate and gigantic gridirons are worthy a pilgrimage to the City to behold. The fire-proof worthy who superintends the grilling department is a living picture, and it is curious to watch the fostering care he bestows upon the succulent slices committed to his charge,—to observe the critical acumen which enables him to judge, ay, to a second, when each chop or steak should be confided to the attendant waiter, who, plate and dish in hand, is at his side to transfer the hissing cargo to the longing customer. Then, the never-palling potato, which in floury profusion is cracking under the canopy of the perforated steamer! These are luxuries which the curious in steaks enjoy at immortal Joe's. No meretricious aid is permitted to invade the immaculate cookery, such as eschalots, Harvey sauce, or mushroom-ketchup, with which half the *soi-disant* cooks disguise their abortions, or, more properly speaking, imitations; and, it has even been hinted to me that oyster sauce is interdicted; but this latter prohibition requires confirmation. Here you have the genuine, unadorned rump-steak in perfection, unequailed in quality, and matchless in the dressing.

Now, I beg to be understood that there are many rival establishments where, perchance, a good steak may be had; but this I must and will say—there is a *tact*, or, as the French say, a *chique*, at Joe's, for which you may look in vain elsewhere. The frequenters, too, of this *multum in parvo* are of the highest order of gourmands: there is, moreover, less of that admixture of class than you ordinarily encounter in chop-houses. It must be admitted that Joe has some formidable competitors in his immediate neighborhood, where the hungry passer-by may refresh himself most satisfactorily. On the right and on the left some very pretty picking may be found; but the bills of fare are too varied to admit of the *coquus magnus* bestowing his undivided attention to the all-engrossing steak. In Threadneedle-street, within a door or so of the far-famed Le Mann, of crisp biscuit notoriety, is an establishment worthy of notice. It stands *per se* for the extempore diner. For instance, a matter-of-fact gentleman may have his dinner dressed for the moderate sum of one penny,—that is to say, if he bring it with him; and, to those who are choice in the selection of their animal food, this method of self-providing may possess attraction. As far as I am concerned, I cannot speak from experience, having an innate antipathy to fingering uncooked meat; many a wealthy grazier, farmer, and cornfactor, daily brings his purchased provender to this public kitchen, and there discusses his steak or chop. For the convenience of amateur buyers, a butcher of no little renown has a well-stocked shop adjoining, where the tastes of such frequenters can be amply gratified. I am told that a real connoisseur will pronounce this the *ne plus ultra* of philo-rump-steakitiveness.

I could fill a volume in praise of a thoroughly good rump-steak dinner; but, as it is not my intention to confine myself to this branch of English fare, I will take my leave of the interesting subject, and proceed to mention some few establishments where a moderate feeder, with circumscribed means, can procure a wholesome, comfortable, well-dressed meal. I write not of luxuries—such as finger-napkins, silver forks, nor even, perhaps, an unsullied table-cloth—but a plain statement of a cheap and good dinner, of which hundreds partake daily, not only in the City, but at the West End of the town. Beginning with the most moderate in point of price, I shall ascend the scale of epicurism, increasing in expense as well as luxury, until reason and common sense check my description. I could go beyond the utmost limits that have ever yet met the public eye as to extravagance, costliness, and *recherché* repasts, were I not fearful of compromising some of my acquaintances, who would, I trust, wish such follies kept secret. If I were to transgress in this particular, it would be to prove that the much-vaunted Rocher de Cancale, the whole Palais Royal, and I would even throw in the Tuileries to boot, cannot match a first-rate entertainment in London. But to return to our humble narrative. Much has been advanced by the advocates for expatriation as to the cheapness of living on the Continent. They are little aware for how moderate a sum the half-pay officer, or ill-paid clerk, can obtain a good dinner in London. The number of eating-houses in the City alone, on a surprisingly economical scale, is incalculable.

Behind the Mansion House are several, and, among others, I can make favorable mention of "Izod's." I was induced some time since to accompany a venerable sub, on half-pay, to this cut-and-come-again establishment. I did so at his earnest solicitation, for, to say the truth, I had a latent aversion to (what I then conceived to be) the cheap system. My provident companion quieted my misgivings, and I am bound in justice to say, that all scruples vanished before I had been under his roof many minutes. It was easy to discover that my antiquated friend stood high in the favor both of landlord and waiter. He was greeted obsequiously; and, on approaching a particular corner of the snuggest box in the room, which the old campaigner had appropriated to himself for many months, all those little preliminary attentions were bestowed upon us, which a casual customer could never command. As soon as the circumscribed spot whereon our frugal meal was to be spread was duly prepared to the satisfaction of the waiter-in-chief, some whispering took place between this functionary and mine ancient lieutenant, during which cautionary communication I caught the sounds—"best joint"—"sirloin"—"quite hot"—"under part"—"first cut"—"fat"—"gravy." An approving nod from my friend sent the smirking attendant skipping across the room, in an angular corner of which I had observed a machine resembling an ear-trumpet protruding from the wall. To this piece of mechanism he applied his mouth, and with lungs potential, communicated his orders to the regions below. In an incredibly short space of time we had placed before us two scorching plates, the contents of which were carefully concealed by bright tin covers. These were accompanied by two diminutive oval dishes, on which the presiding deity below had kindly sent us half a dozen as farinaceous specimens of Hibernian fruit as ever greeted the lover of "'taties all 'ot." A tap on one of the aforesaid covers, inflicted by my companion with a tri-pronged weapon, which was to perform the duty of a silver fork, caused their removal, and my sight was gratified by a plentiful supply of as good roasted beef as any private gentleman need wish to feed upon. Of a verity in was excellent: a better meal I never made. I chimed in with the humor of my old friend, and pledged him in a pint of genuine stout. Reader, for this dinner including bread, vegetables, and the two pints of Barclay and Perkins' best, he paid but *one shilling sterling each!* On expressing my astonishment at the very low price, my military mentor informed me that there were establishments at which the "low in pocket" are fed for a less sum. I marvelled much; but such things there are. My unambitious friend appeared content with the lot fortune had awarded him; he told me he had a snug little room on a second floor, in an airy situation in the classic regions of the City Road; that he allowed himself one shilling for his dinner, and sixpence for his breakfast; his lodging cost him five-and-sixpence a week, including all extras; so that the pittance afforded him by the Government for many years' hard service, sufficed for all his wants.

Leaving our *militaire*, to whom a nation's gratitude has permitted an indulgence in Mr. Izod's good cheer, I will take another step up the gastronomic ladder, and carry the reader somewhat towards the West, although still within the confines of the Lord Mayor's dominions. Of Fleet-street am I about to write, in which frequented thoroughfare is situated a house of refreshment, combining three advantages under one roof—a tavern, a hotel, and an eating-house. It is dignified by the second denomination, having for its title "Anderton's Hotel." Ye lovers of boiled beef pardon me, I beseech ye, for passing unnoticed Williams's celebrated emporium in the Old Bailey; it needeth not any humble attempt of mine to add to its reputation; it lacketh not celebrity, for its three rooms, in their several gradations of gentility, are daily thronged by the curious in corned meats. I am informed that the excellence of the saline condiments at this unique house of entertainment is attributable to a peculiar receipt which has been in the family for years, and handed down to the present proprietor, who is as jealous as his forefathers could wish of the unrivalled secret. I have said there are three rooms; they vary in price. The first as you enter on the left is the cheapest, or sixpenny apartment. Here may be seen every day, from twelve to one o'clock, the lean, the hungry, and the unwashed, the outpouring of the Central Criminal Court—messengers, runners, and the tipstaff's follower. The second, or intermediate Refectory, is at the opposite extremity of the building, the centre room being reserved for visitors of pretension—a class of persons possessing more money than wisdom, who are wont to indulge in the pride of purse, and who vainly imagine that by ordering expensive dinners at a fourth-rate eating-house, and scolding the servants, they impress the public with an idea of their own consequence and gentility. The centre, or coffee-room is comfortable enough, plentifully supplied with the daily papers and leading periodicals. To define the particular classes of persons who congregate to pay their devotions to the rounds and briskets so inimitably pickled by Mr. Williams, would be impossible. The most remarkable are the linendraper's assistant; the half-pay officer, whose gait and costume but ill conceal his profession; and the tradesman *well to do in the world*. Next in rotation is your regular beef-eater; he of the plump and oily visage, and of Falstaff's make. Watch the impatient twinkle of his small grey eye as he casts a wistful glance at the door through which the savory slices of his favorite joint are to be conveyed to him. Your would-be dandy also occasionally patronizes Mr. Williams. He invariably addresses the maid in waiting with a "Mary, my dear," or "Fanny, my love, hand us the bill of fare." The undaunted dandy then proceeds, after scanning the said bill, to order what is not included in the list of edibles, such as roast fowl and 'am, or roast lamb and mint-sauce. Upon being informed these delicacies are not attainable, he adds, "Well, then, bring me some b'iled beef and greens, and don't forget the *arf-an'-arf*,"—a beverage much in vogue amongst these walking gentlemen, being equal proportions of ale and porter. During the interval that must elapse before the dandy's wants are supplied, he amuses himself by examining with a mosaic gold eye-glass, the countenance of every individual present. From this occupation his attention is turned to the proffered plate-full: and the contents disappear with amazing celerity. The fair waiteresses in Mr. Williams's employ are well-dressed, well-behaved, civil and obliging; they perform their several duties attentively, noiselessly, no clatter of knives and forks assail and offend the tympanum; yet the divinities are not totally devoid of *bustle*, for I observe it invariably follows their evolutions. I have digressed without intending it, and must crave forgiveness for having wandered from Anderton's Hotel in Fleet-street to the purlieus of the Old Bailey.

To return: Anderton's is a well-conducted concern, combining the comforts of a hotel with the economy and convenience of a dining-house. The good cheer is adapted to the pockets of all his visitors, from the plate of meat and vegetables, after the fashion of Mr. Izod, to turtle and venison, in humble imitation of the Albion in Aldersgate-street. The moderate man may dine at Anderton's for fifteen-pence, including a pint of malt liquor. The society comprises a heterogeneous mass of hungry mortals, of all professions, ages, and denominations. The lawyers, however, from the adjacent inns of court, form the majority.

A few doors further down, on the same side of the way, and up a certain passage, is located an undeniable chop-house—its title the Cheshire Cheese. In a lucky hour was I conducted to this hidden retreat by an ardent worshipper of that rarely-to-be-met-with delicacy, a superlatively broiled and thorough hot mutton-chop. Should the fancy stray from mutton to pork, at the aforesaid Cheshire Cheese it will be gratified. The principal director and fac-totum of this secluded spot is one Ben—a perfect original in his way. He will tell you without the slightest apparent fear of contradiction, that no house in London can vie with his establishment either in the quality or the dressing of his chops, and, in good truth, the fellow is right. I had heard in my youth of things being done to a turn, but I never had ocular proof of the adage until I visited this self-satisfied knight of the gridiron. One abomination is permitted which cannot be sufficiently reprobated, and that is the early hour at which smoking is allowed. This *post prandium* indulgence commences as the clock strikes six—too soon by one hundred and twenty minutes. I know not an infliction more nauseating than being compelled to inhale the fumes of divers yards of clay, and a dozen or so of *native* cigars, during the process of mastication.

Before I pass through Temple-Bar I must not omit to mention two justly celebrated places on either side of the ancient barrier,—"The Cock," and "The Rainbow." They are jointly and severally renowned for the excellence of their brown stout; and the amateurs of tiffins, *Anglicè* luncheons, regale themselves by dozens daily. They are much frequented by "the fancy," would-be coachmen, and genuine dragsmen. The conversation is not of the most refined description, as may be imagined, nor is it untinctured with slang. The fraternity of Jehus, however, have admirers, patrons, and imitators: hence the attraction at the "Bow,"—as the Cockneys term it.

The first establishment I shall take leave to notice on my western circuit, is one possessing attractions of the highest order,—most earnestly do I commend the economist to No. 333 in the Strand, directly facing Somerset-House. There is nothing of the kind like it in London. To gentlemen of small fortunes, to officers on half-pay, to those who glory in having as much for their money as possible, the three-threes offer advantages not to be met with in this vast metropolis. For the sum of one shilling and sixpence you have choice of some half-dozen soups, as many kinds of fish, and any joint you may please to name which you are permitted to carve yourself; to which are super-added, vegetables, bread, cheese, and celery. And I think it will be admitted that even an alderman may dine tolerably well on a basin of excellent mock-turtle, a particularly well-fried sole, and haunch of mutton. This is the selection I would recommend. The mock-turtle is a very tolerable imitation of the amphibious luxury of Occidental celebrity. The *chef* fries his fish to perfection, and the joints are invariably well-dressed. Long may Short live: he is a pattern for competitors, and deserves unlimited patronage, if it were only for his punch, which is unimpeachable.

Countless are the dining-houses in this overgrown town, where half-baked, half-steamed meats are doled out in slices on damp plates to the uninitiated cheap-dinner hunter. For the benefit of this latter class I have endeavored to point out such as are worthy of notice, in contra-distinction to the forty-sous houses in the French capital. There may be a greater variety of consumables in these latter; but I question much whether the advantage is not in our favor on this side the Channel. To resume:—Every thoroughfare boasts of one or more dining-houses. From Somerset House to Charing Cross there are several, varying in price from eighteenpence upwards. Rupert-street is not without this species of attraction; and one house in particular has the merit of nourishing more half-pay officers than any establishment in London. I am told the fare is good and reasonable. Nearly opposite to Fladong's Hotel, in Oxford-street, a similar establishment may be found under the attractive title of the West End Dining-rooms. I have, on more than one occasion, accompanied an old campaigner to this two-storied mansion, and have had no reason to complain, although the interior economy of the arrangements is susceptible of improvement.

Those persons who delight in made dishes, and questionable viands in savory disguises, can tickle their palates very satisfactorily in London, without the trouble and expense of a trip to the Continent. There are very many French houses where the culinary arrangements are faultless. Fricourt's, in St. Martin's Lane, known formerly as the "New Slaughter's," is an excellent *traiteur's*. Giraud's in Castle-street, Leicester Square, another. Here you can dine *a la carte*, and most moderately; the cooking is perfect. A cheaper dining-house still is Bertolini's, in St. Martin's-street, where foreigners of all nations discuss their frugal meal in shoals,—Italians, French, Germans, Jews, and Gentiles. I confess I should pause before I ventured on a *civet de lapin* at this *gargote*; for I hold in as perfect abhorrence, any undistinguishable animal concoction, as an insubordinate and drunken soldier does—a cat.

The Sabloniere and Jaunay's have their followers. Dubourg's is not to be equalled, if the dinners be ordered by a gnostic Amphytrion. The *chef* is an *artiste* of the first water; and the portly *maitre d'hotel* himself can produce some glorious specimens of champagne and claret.

The higher order of hotels can compete with the first-rate Parisian restaurateurs. I would thus class them:—

The Albion, Aldersgate Street,	with The Rocher de Cancale,
Mivart's,	with Very's,
Limmer's	with Vefour's,
Stevens's	with The Trois Freres Provencaux, and
Long's,	with Beauvillier's.

The clubs have greatly injured the hotels. Even boarding houses are now at a discount.

Of all the national peculiarities which strike the attention of a foreigner, the most remarkable are the harmonic meetings, as they are termed, which nightly are held in the Coal Hole, in the Strand, the Cider Cellars, in Maiden Lane, and Evan's Vaults, under the Grand Hotel (late Joy's), in Covent Garden. A Frenchman may well exclaim, "*C'est inconcevable!*"—and it must appear strange to any rational being that, instead of going home to a comfortable bed, after passing the evening at a theatre, a man can find enjoyment in loading his stomach with superfluities, and submitting to be fumigated in a dense and unwholesome atmosphere: but so it is. In days of yore, the visiters of these subterranean resorts could boast of the best blood in the kingdom,—they came to hear the best singing to be met with in London. So far there was some excuse. These nocturnal revelries were patronised by the aristocracy; and Rhodes's, Offley's, and Evans's became the fashion, until all the shop-boys in the metropolis thought proper to ape their betters, who are now driven from these places of amusement. In the days of which I speak old Offley was in his glory. He is gone, and with him his inimitable glee-singers. The Saturday dinners at the Coal Hole are still fresh in my memory; for who that has dined there in the olden time can forget the punning landlord, and the jest and glass as they went merrily round? Those were the days when more than one honourable I could name would contribute his vocal powers to the conviviality of the evening. Alas! they will never return! Poor * * * * * *, thou too art gone! What are the Cider Cellars without thee? Who can ever forget this mirth-inspiring son of Erin! I knew him well, when he was courted by all,—when he was sought after by the lovers of fine singing, who were too happy to have him at their tables. I speak of the time when he was in that dare-devil corps the double eights. I was acquainted with him in Canada, and renewed the intimacy after the battle of Waterloo. His vocal talent and love of conviviality were his bane. He descended by slow degrees the scale of degradation, until he became lost to a sense of shame and every honourable feeling. His commission sold, he became at last a pauper, and was dependent for his subsistence on the charity of strangers. I have watched him begging a shilling of his neighbour at the Cider Cellars. Evans allowed him his board, as a requital for his singing; but it was lamentable to behold an officer and a gentleman sunk in the despicable character of a hireling songster. I have said he felt it not; but his former friends were pained by observing that he allowed himself to be made the butt and buffoon of the low and vulgar. He who has ever heard a certain song named "The Tinker," never can forget the effect it produced. This inspiriting composition was his own: and the trombone accompaniment, embellished with imitations of other wind instruments, was justly accounted the *ne plus ultra* of verisimilitude. He died in St. Martin's workhouse,—a sad example of an improvident amateur singer!

But my paper says, Amen!—On a future occasion I may attempt a sketch of the first-class houses of entertainment, the present notice being confined to the lowest possible ratio of expense: and if I have shown that the moderate man may dine as well and as economically in London as in Paris, I shall have attained my object.

T.

Bentley's Miscellany for May, 1839.

THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT BOOK;

OR, THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF FLY-FISHING FOR SALMON, TROUT, ETC.

"His glittering armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus' brightest ray.
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most precious rare.
* * * * * *
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong" FAERY QUEENE.

CHAPTER III.

According to promise, my dear Herbert, I proceed to accomplish your knowledge of tackle by describing the particulars of rods and hooks; at the same time again reminding you, that I reserve the consideration of Flies and some few other articles till we meet.

Now as to FLY RODS IN GENERAL let me premise, that in them particularly, the strength of every inch is put to the test more or less on each cast of the line, and therefore they require the best workmanship, and most careful selection. In choice of them, you must very minutely examine the grain of the wood of which each piece is formed, observing that it runs, as nearly as possible, straight from end to end up each joint; if it crosses, or if you find any knots or the slightest appearance of crack or other blemish, it should be at once condemnatory. Moreover never be beguiled into trying a rod *merely* inside a confined shop; rather carry it into the open air where you can freely try its elasticity, and other qualities. In Liverpool and elsewhere, they make salmon rods of *East India bamboo*, of which I cannot approve, though they are certainly lighter and very strong: yet they are mostly too stiff and can never be made to play and work so pleasantly or equably as those made of the materials I shall mention. The wood of which a rod is to be composed, should be first well seasoned four or five years, at least, in log; and then should be cut into slips for joints, which should remain at least two or three years more, before they are finally worked up into form. This will at once show you the importance of dealing at an old and well established shop, as no small dealer or manufacturer can sink his capital thus long; and also convince you of the wisdom of not grudging a good price for so important an article. It will perhaps, soon also be found advisable to resort to one of the patent modes of preparing wood against dry rot. Not that such a disease often troubles rods, because when cut into slips, the air has sufficient action to prevent it. But by the method used in those patents, (Sir Wm. Burney's at all events,) the wood is much strengthened.

The *colour* of the rod is not in general much regarded, and may not materially signify; although, I for one, am inclined to think this even worthy of consideration; for as one colour is doubtless more discernible to the human eye than another, so, if we can judge from analogy, it will be to that of fishes. At one time, I preferred black stained, but upon observation, unstained is less visible. Also I much question whether it is not a disadvantage to have rods highly *varnished*; since in the sunshine this reflects the rays of light, and is consequently liable to excite the attention of the keen eye of the fish as he is about to rise to the lure, or perhaps prevent his rising altogether. Often have I detected the presence of a brother sportsman at a pool half a mile off, on a bright day, simply by the flash of his rod, his person being altogether hidden by intervening substances. And I am convinced some advantage would be gained by giving to those points more attention. We yield great credit to fish for acuteness in their visional organs in connection with the colour of the flies we use, but are utterly careless in concealing that which ought to be hidden. And it may be, that to the rough unvarnished dullness in the rods of the lower order of fishermen, their frequent advantage over those more curious in their tackle is to be attributed; "since," as Dennys says,

"—— that the fishes are affrighted with the least
Aspect of any glittering thing or white."

Varnish, or something in the nature of it is absolutely essential to the preservation of rods, as well as to prevent their being temporarily affected by rain, or damp air; but it would be an improvement if some less glittering coat were administered.

It is essential to have at least three spare top-joints to every fly-rod; especially when we stretch far away from the maker: for even if an accident do not occur, a month's daily wear must loosen the splicing.

As some diversity of opinion prevails as to the *make of a top joint*, some preferring it spliced, and others of one entire piece, I must trouble you with a few observations upon the subject. Let me premise that I prefer the former, as, in my *personal* experience none can play better or are stronger, (as long as the splicing holds together,) than such as are made according to the London fashion. The stoutest piece next to the upper "joint," in these is lance-wood; then, are two or three pieces of East Indian bamboo split out of a thick stock; and lastly, is a splice of whalebone, which forms the point or tip of the rod. The advocates for solid tops imagine that the different kinds of wood cause a varied and improper degree of pliancy to the whole rod; and they especially object that the whalebone tip gives too much weight to that part. Now the only objection that I have ever found to spliced tops, is that they occasionally get out of order by the glue at the joints giving way. A trifling annual expence however, (if we are not ourselves clever enough to perform the reparation,) in addition to the yearly coat of varnish, which every rod ought to have in order to its general preservation, will remedy that inconvenience. The advantages of spliced rods I conceive to exist in the spring being more true and better capable of graduation, while the woods which compose it are lighter, and as strong as any entire piece can be

In proof, just observe, it is very certain that in making a top of an entire piece, it would be madness to use a young shoot of *any* kind of wood; as it would contain pith down its centre, and could not be so tough or strong as that of older growth. It must therefore be cut out of a solid of more seasoned stuff. Yet when it is planed down, tapering to a fine point, the grain is cut through obliquely and so rendered liable to split or peel; and the more it is reduced, instead of more elastic, it becomes limp and worthless.—I think the tops made of entire pieces at Liverpool, of wood coming from the Essiquibo River are too stiff, from the impossibility of reducing them enough, and are therefore objectionable for fly rods, however desirable in other respects. If, on the other hand, you take several pieces of wood, each lessening in thickness as it may also in fineness of grain, and splice them together, inasmuch as you are not required to cut through the grain to taper them (rubbing down with sand-paper being sufficient to adapt the ends uniformly to each other,) there is no diminution in their several strengths. Moreover this affords an opportunity of introducing, as I said before, the best sort of wood for elasticity as well as lightness, viz Bamboo cane, which could not be procured of sufficient length for a top without splicing, owing to the intervention of the natural joints or knots; and lance-wood, though too heavy, and perhaps too brittle when so much reduced in substance, for the point of the rod, is yet elastic; and, forming the thickest splice in the top, constitutes a medium weight and pliancy of wood between the hiccory of the "*joints*," and the bamboo of which the second and other splices of the "*top*," are composed. There is another advantage in spliced tops, namely that if a breakage happen, the damaged part can be replaced without the expence of an entire new top.

Whalebone Tips.—Now as to the "*weighty*" objection to whalebone tips, what an exquisite sense of feeling must a man have to detect it! But supposing it to be perceptible, look at the immense advantage whalebone affords. Elastic toughness is introduced in the thinnest part of the rod,—the part which is almost solely engaged in receiving the first shock of striking a fish; and as the fault of fishermen is mostly to strike too forcibly, it is well they should have something not liable to break to commit it with. Notwithstanding a top may be very well in good hands without whalebone, at the same time I can see no disadvantage in having it: and it is assuredly less liable to fracture, (if fracture be possible), than any wood of the same thickness could be. Besides, as has been observed elsewhere, if, in carrying a rod, you happened to poke it point foremost against the ground or a tree, it is ten to one a wooden tip would fly. A very recent work on fly-fishing,—Shipley and Fitzgibbon, at page 35, quotes Bambridge as an authority, and like him recommends that "whatever number of pieces the rod is to be composed of between the butt and the top piece, they must all be cut from the same log." This mode of advice I cannot understand, for in the following page, it recommends as many various woods to be used in a rod as I do. I am greatly inclined to cavil at many positions assumed by the authors of that work.

Ash or Willow Buts.—According to them the *but* of a rod should be of willow on account of its lightness, rejecting ash as too heavy. They merely allude to trout rods, however, whilst my remarks equally apply to those for trout or salmon. Willow is much lighter than hiccory, and if you put an hiccory joint above a willow but, how can you, unless the but be very thick and clumsy, obtain an equally graduated weight throughout the rod? Besides which, you will find that weight *in the hand* is advantageous, and surely a trout rod of fourteen ounces is not likely to fatigue (by the difference of weight in ash and willow) in the last hours of fishing.

As to the comparative strength of ash and willow, the former bears the palm beyond a doubt; and if you attempt to throw thirty yards of line against wind with a willow wand, all I can say, is, were I in your place, I should like to have a spare ash staff at hand! What muscular strength is requisite to wield a trout rod! True these authors in page 36 speak as though it were a great muscular exertion; but, in other parts of their work, (and very properly), they show the art of casting the line to be effected by knack gentleness. You may take my word that no muscular exertion ought to be called forth, in trout fishing *at least*, otherwise something else will surely be defective. For myself I can say, that I have fished from five in the morning, till nine o'clock in the evening, the greater part of the day against a strong wind, with my single handed trout rod,—measuring fourteen feet three and a half inches, and weighing one pound two ounces, and generally throwing from twenty to thirty yards of line, and have not experienced any trouble from its weight or the exertion made use of; and I am not over strong, as you know: but upon this subject I shall have a few words to say when we meet.

Hollow Buts.—I do not advise you to have a hollow but. To be sure it is often recommended as being less heavy; yet, as I have already stated, weight in that portion of the rod is no disadvantage, but rather assists in the facility of recovering a rod to its perpendicular, when fishing. Nor can a hollow but by possibility, be so strong; and as the only other object of having it so hollowed out, is the convenience of carrying a spare top in case of accidents, in my opinion, it *is worse than useless;* because the tops are thereby inevitably injured at the ends. If the carriage of a spare top be the only recommendation to hollow buts, instead thereof, have a gaff, or landing-net-pole made hollow, of sufficient length. I would rather even strap the spare top of a piece of common straight wood, and sling it in some way at my back, if I went to the river unattended, than forsake solidity in this part. But I am always inclined to leave such incumbrances at my nightly resting place, carrying with me a sharp knife and plenty of well-waxed twine in lieu, to repair damages to the single top that accompanies me.

The Groove and Ring for attaching the winch, should be about a foot from the end of the but of a salmon rod, or less, dependent on the size of it; and, let me advise you, Herbert, to take care that the winch fits with sufficient tightness. "Experience makes one wise." For disregarding this caution, I once, when snap-fishing, lost a monster of a pike, the winch coming off, while I was in the very act of winding up to land him.

Spliced Rods.—With regard to *spliced rods*, (I mean those of which all the pieces or joints are so made, that instead of being fitted together with socket and ferrule, the joints are tied by the owner when required for use, and separated again when laid by, and these are sometimes called "scared,")—there is much trouble attending them; yet, the advantages are infinite if some little pains-taking, such as I shall here point out, is bestowed; it is only the trouble that keeps them out of fashion. The advantages are, they are lighter by the weight of the brass ferrules; nor is there that stiffness about the joints, which ferrules inevitably cause; and they are decidedly stronger, inasmuch as the letting in and on of the brass work tends to weaken the wood. Besides, there is always a sudden resistance in the spring close to the ferrule, which is the part where experience tells us anglers, rods generally break. However, as the only objection to splicing, is a very formidable one, I do not advise you to purchase a rod joined *entirely* by this means. On the contrary, have the but and "joints" made with ferrules and sockets in the usual way, the joints being provided with corresponding kitchers to secure them together by tying, while throwing. But of all things, avoid any except plain furrules; the Irish socket, peg and groove, or the socket and screw, being very seldom perfectly made to begin with; and never continuing long in order, besides adding much in point of weight. I recommend the "top", and the thinner joint next it, to be spliced together. The trouble of whipping and unwhipping this, need not be often incurred, as the two pieces, when once whipped, can easily be laid on a ledge, or on the floor, of a room during the evenings of a "fishing bout," and need seldom be taken to pieces, except for the purpose of travelling. Be particular, however, to have the splices left quite plain, without the least notch or groove in them. I have seen attempts, by means of small brass pegs and holes to receive them, to hold the spliced joint more firmly together when whipped; but you must bear in mind, that the smallest perforation of the wood tends to weaken it, and I have witnessed the breaking of two or three rods exactly at the holes formed by, and corresponding with the pegs, in question. My own rod was made in this style, and it broke in the particular spot. So I removed all the pegs and plugged up the holes with oak, hammerred and glued in. I will now tell you a secret worth knowing appertaining to splices. With very fine well-waxed silk, whip over the two splices separately; it not only strengthens them, but when bound together, they are more tenacious than the bare wood could be, and will not shift with ever so hard a month's throwing. The material with which you *bind* the splices together should be strong plaited silk trolling line, well-waxed, one end of it should be whipped on to the "joint;" and on the "top joint" should be a *hitcher*, which is a doubled piece of wire whipped flat, half-way up it, to the rod, to secure the other end when the binding is completed. The binding silk should be long enough to bind the whole splice closely, and a little more. Although the longer the splice is cut, the less liable it is to shift; yet it is less strong than a shorter one, which, by the whipping of silk I have before recommended, may hold quite as firm. However, when the two splices are bound together, if on holding the whole of it in the grasp of my hand, and shaking the rod, I feel more play in the splice, and, consequently, more weakness than in the upper portions of the top, I make it a rule to unbind the whole, and insert a split quill well soaked in water, previous to the operation, under the entire length of the binding, which secures strength and elasticity at the same time, just as it does in a coach whip.

The Elasticity or Degree of Pliancy in a Rod.—Now comes a part of the subject that is difficult, nay, almost impossible to advise upon; namely, the degree or quantity of *elasticity* a rod should possess. Observe that whatever is the *quantity*, the *quality* must be uniform and gradual from one end to the other. If, in waving it, one part feels weaker or more stiff than another, at once reject it as bad. Some judgment, which words can scarcely convey, is required to detect this; but if you take in your hand a long green withy stick, and wave that about, you will readily perceive what is the nature of the objection I am endeavouring to point out; though I fear long experience in choosing alone will enable you to become a complete judge in such matters. I, myself, from being perpetually, I may say, two or three times every year, for some years past, required by friends, to choose for them,—can detect flaws in a rod by the feel which would be invisible to the eye; but this is only to be done by practice, as my words, I fear, must fail to explain it. You will feel that the upper part is too heavy for the lower, and that there is a sensation as though it would break in the middle. In a good rod, on waving it about with moderate force, you will never experience this sensation—but feel satisfied that the lower part is fully strong enough to support every succeeding superior inch.

As to the *quantity of Elasticity*, or its curvature, tastes vary. For myself, I prefer a rod that has the middle degree,—being neither too stiff,, nor too elastic; and, in choosing such, you can't go far wrong; but you had better have a rod too stiff, (provided it is otherwise well graduated and apportioned,) than the other way; as the latter is particularly objectionable in fighting a heavy fish, especially in dangerous water or from off a rooted bank; as it is also during windy weather. Neither is it possible to throw a large and consequently heavy fly with a very pliable rod. And whatever other doctors of fishing may say, I know from experience that it is as easy to cast a fly lightly with a stiff as with a pliant rod. I must leave this entirely to your choice and judgment; not omitting, however, to mention that Mr. Eaton of Crooked Lane tells me, that of late years he finds stiff fly rods of every description preferred, and from the quantity he sells weekly he is *some* authority upon the subject. Two great a degree of elasticity is now generally looked upon as the fault of Irish rods, and I do not certainly recommend these for that reason. I do not go so far as the authors of the recent work I have just referred to, who condemn rods, "pliable almost down to the hand," because I consider the term altogether indefinite. Every rod ought to play in fact, "quite down to the hand," or else it cannot be well proportioned, but, mark the distinction, it should not, "seem" to "bend down to the hand," and then the advice is good.

LETTER FROM A MARYLAND TURFMAN.

Mr. Editor,—Your decision of the bet in which two horses were taken against the field, and only one started, has given rise to a great deal of ingenious discussion. And since it has been conducted in such a gentlemanly manner and good feeling, it is rather a subject of congratulation than regret, inasmuch as it evinces an interest in the affairs of the Turf, among those who, judging from their communications, would be an honor to any cause. It has served to awaken a spirit of enquiry among your readers generally, and as all are not yet satisfied which is right, it shows in a forcible manner the necessity of a competent tribunal for the definite settlement of all matters of dispute which may arise on the Turf. With deference to your better judgment in such matters, I have from the commencement thought your decision of the question to be erroneous, though I confess never to have seen the rules of the Jockey Club. And indeed they are so seldom published, that but few except members have an opportunity of seeing them.

The bet I understand to be this:—A takes No. 1 and No. 2, B takes the field; or in other words A bets that No. 1 or No. 2 will win a purse in a given race, and B bets that some of the other horses engaged in that stake will win. Upon this simple proposition, if neither No. 1 nor No. 2 should win, A would lose his bet, unless both of his horses were dead or disqualified when the bet was made, or if either did win, A would win his bet. The result of the race is not given, nor is it material to the argument, what horse won; only one of the horses named by A having started, it is contended that the bet is void, under a rule of the Jockey Club which declares that "*a bet made on a horse is void, if the horse betted on fails to start.*" And such was the decision in this case.

The error of the decision consists in embracing within the rule a case which was never contemplated. The rule is perfectly simple, and explicit as words can make it. If you extend the rule to more than one horse—"*a horse*"—you involve cases in inexplicable confusion, and subject parties to the greatest hardships. In the case before us, if the horse starting (say No. 1) should win, yet A would not win his bet, because the rule vitiates the bet, unless both the named horses start. Had such been the result of the race, surely it never would have entered into B's head that the rule saved him from losing—yet if the bet is void under that rule, it is void before the start, or at the start. Again—the bet is that No. 1 or No. 2 will win the purse—they can't both win, and therefore strictly it is in the disjunctive, or it is a single event, and the rule is not applicable, unless both fail to start. Had the bet been that No. 1 would be 1st, and No. 2 second, or any where else, that would have been a *double* event, and the failure of either to start would vitiate the bet by force of the rule; but this bet is that No. 1 will be first, *or* No. 2 will be first; if neither is first, A loses; if neither start, the rule declares the bet void. The rule cannot be made to operate in A's favor if his horse win, or nullify the bet in case his horse loses. If it have any force or application to the case, it must attach before the race is run, and cannot be made dependent upon the result. Suppose in this instance that No. 1 walked over; if the rule make the bet void by reason of No. 2 not starting, B would not be liable; and such a case as that it may be presumed was never contemplated by the rule.

If this view of the case be correct, the bet must be decided upon general principles; and these are that all bets are P.P. unless a contingency be provided for by the parties, or it be clearly impossible for a horse to win—rendered so by his death, his disqualification from starting, or any positive certainty that he will not start, *actually existing at the time the bet was made.* If any of those contingencies happen *after* the bet is made, it can only be rendered void by a provision or stipulation between the parties, or by the rules of racing. In case no such contingency is specified or provided against, the Jockey Club rule supplies the omission, and all bets are subject to such provisions, unless otherwise expressly stipulated. For instance, our rules decide which horse in a race of heats shall be deemed 2d, &c. And if a bet be made between two horses, neither of which wins, the rule of the Jockey Club declares which is the best of the two, and the bet must abide by the rule. But in England such bets are off, unless one of the horses betted on wins the race, or the parties stipulate otherwise by the words "*best deserving*," or others of similar import. There is an express rule to this effect. Consequently, scarcely one in a hundred of the numerous bets of one horse against another amount to any thing; though it is very different in this country, where generally, the Jockey Club rules provide for such bets, and determine how they shall be settled. If the question under discussion rest upon general principles, the decision is undoubtedly erroneous, not only in reason, but from repeated contrary decisions. Two or three such decisions may be found in Bell's Life in London of 17th March, and that paper is of the highest authority, not only in England, but throughout the world. Here is one of the cases—

"A. backs Yellow Dwarf and Foreigner with B. against the field for the Banbury Steeple Chase. One of the field wins, but Foreigner does not start. Who wins the bet?—B."

Indeed in the absence of the rule, which we have shown is not applicable, the question will scarcely admit of discussion. N. B. It must be observed that the J. C. rules governing races over the Turf, are inapplicable to Steeple Chases.

In conclusion, I take occasion to observe that numerous disputed questions are constantly arising on the Turf, which are not capable of being adjusted to the satisfaction of the parties for want of explicit and positive rules; hence, arises the necessity of a revision of the Jockey Club rules, the establishment of a uniform system or code of laws, and the appointment of a competent tribunal for the decision of such cases as cannot be embraced in any code. Sooner or later, this will be done beyond doubt. The Turf is now flourishing beyond all former precedent, and the establishment of such a system will eminently contribute to its growth and extension. No local J. C. will be bound by such a code any further than the members should think proper to adopt it; but this like all other great interests embracing so wide a field of operations and engaging the attention of such numbers, cannot fail to advance with accelerated steps by harmony and concert, and a good understanding among all engaged in it. For instance, much good would result from some uniform rule defining the qualifications of horses engaged in any stakes, or nominated for any purses or plate to be run for. The English J. C. have a rule on this subject which would be found highly advantageous in this country—that is, in substance,—*no horse shall be qualified to start for any purse or stake, that had not paid all forfeits incurred previously in other stakes, nor shall any owner of horses in arrear for forfeits be permitted to start a horse until all such forfeits on all his horses have been paid.*

Many other cases might be put, where uniformity of rules would be productive of the best results; and this can never be effected except by the concerted action of all concerned. You may infer from the drift of these remarks, that I am greatly pleased with the plan suggested by a distant correspondent, of a National Convention at Washington, in December next, to consider in what way the interests of the Turf can best be advanced. As an admirer of the blood horse, and of the sports of the turf, I sincerely hope that convention will be held; and if only composed of the subscribers to the Peyton Stakes, it would be productive of incalculable benefit.

A MARYLAND TURFMAN.

Baltimore, June 12, 1339.

A FRAGMENT OF MODERN HISTORY.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

The following narrative is true, in its minutest details—the two persons who sustain the most prominent characters in it, from an easily understood delicacy, decline to place themselves ostensibly before the public. The name of Marcel and Cassan are fictitious—the facts are scrupulously correct.

Every body knows that in the time of *the* French revolution the Chateau of Maulevrier, once the residence of the great Colbert, was burned to the ground, and that the incendiaries danced madly and joyously round the fire which they had raised.

Near the scene of destruction, a young republican officer was seated under an old tree, contemplating, with folded arms, and tears in his eyes, the excesses which his soldiers were committing.

He was thus wretchedly looking at desolation and destruction, which he could neither check nor prevent, when a staff officer galloped up to him and delivered him a letter.

He broke the seal and read the contents, too easily, alas! by the light of the flames which were annihilating a mansion which a thousand associations ought to have rendered secure.

"Tell General Kleber," said the Captain, "that in less than an hour my company shall be on the march, and that his instructions shall be punctually obeyed."

The aide-de-camp galloped away again, and the young Captain having buckled on his sword, which lay by him on the grass, walked towards the crowd of revolutionists, who were performing a sort of wild and savage saraband about the falling beams and timbers, which were cracking over their heads, and crackling under their feet, and gave orders to beat to arms.

The roll of the drum instantly collected the soldiers to the point; but they were drunk, and the subalterns were absorbed in that sort of fearful delight which we are told, animated Nero even unto fiddling, while Rome was burning. They reeled under the weight of their arms, and drink—stumbling over the burning embers which lay about them; but the word, "Forward," delivered in a firm voice, produced a general advance (intended for a march), "haud passibus equis," in the direction indicated by the Captain.

Whither they were going they knew not; this, militarily speaking, "signifies nothing;" suffice it to say, that they arrived at their place of destination at five o'clock in the morning.

They had sung, almost perpetually on the way, the "*Marseillaise*," probably to keep themselves in breath; they had sworn, blasphemed, cursed, and done a variety of equally laudable things, by means of which they had, to a considerable extent, overcome their drunkenness. But in the midst of the difficulties which assailed them, from the intricacy of the roads which they were obliged to take, lest they should suddenly come upon the advanced posts of the royal army, the Captain spoke not;—he marched on—watching, as it were, over a herd of debased men, whom his country had committed to his care.

The first word which passed his lips was "HALT!" and the troops were at that moment in front of one of those convenient and charming residences with which the groves of La Vendee are so thickly studded. No wall defied admission; it was surrounded by a simple hedge. Peace seemed to dwell in its confines—all was calm and quiet, as if the asperities of civil war had not yet reached it, and that its owner had nothing to fear from the frantic disturbers of public tranquillity, to whose assaults it might at any moment be obnoxious.

"Shall I beat to arms, citizen Marcel?" said the drummer, who was a few paces in advance of the captain.

"No," said Marcel. "I have a special duty to perform. I go alone into this house."

He passed the hedge, and knocking at the house-door violently, cried, "Open—in the name of the Republic—open the door!"

The demand was speedily answered, and an old female servant gave him entrance to the peaceful abode, and led him to a room, not merely comfortably, but luxuriously furnished.

"Citizen," said the Captain, "General Stofflet and his staff have passed part of the night in this house. If they are yet here, in the name of the law I call upon you to give them up. If they are gone, I command you to tell me whither."

The old woman turned pale, her lips quivered, her countenance wore an expression of mingled grief and surprise; but her tongue—which a woman can command, when she cannot control her looks—was still, and no word of either wonderment or fear passed her lips.

"Sir," said she (*she* called him not citizen), "before heaven I can swear that there is no human being in this house, except those who have a right to be here."

"Well," said the Captain, "to prevent worse things happening, let all persons now under this roof present themselves to me immediately."

The old woman went to do as she was ordered, without betraying any emotion, leaving the Captain to contemplate the delightful arrangements of the *salon* in which he was ensconced.

In about a quarter of an hour an elegant, handsome lady, of about one or two and forty years of age, accompanied by two beautiful young girls, made their appearance.

One word *par parenthese* of Captain Marcel; he was a Parisian born, his father was an obscure workman in one of the most obscure parts of the town, and the son followed the paternal trade; and there he would have remained till the day of his death, in all probability, had not the revolution called forth his energies in a very different sphere.

He joined the Revolutionists, young, generous, and enthusiastic—his patriotism thirsted not for blood after having been excited by drink. Neither was he one of the sans-culottes, who anticipated nothing in the overthrow of a legitimate government and the establishment of a republic, but their own aggrandizement. Marcel was possessed of courage, single-mindedness, simplicity, and nobleness of character. The revolutionary excesses by which Paris was outraged

"grieved his heart."

His disgust at the bloodshed and executions constantly in progress in the capital, led him to seek his fortunes in the field: he was a volunteer at Valmy—again at Fleurus—an order of the Convention sent him into La Vendée, whither he went full of grief for the calamities which were accumulating upon the people, but still encouraging the hope that he might, to the full extent of his power, lighten their sorrows, and alleviate their miseries. This disposition and this character obtained for him the confidence of General Kleber, and hence the orders which carried him to the house at which we have just noticed his arrival.

The appearance of the lady and her two daughters, their countenances full of solicitude, and the dread which the sight of a military uniform in those days of terror inspired, affected him much. He was conscious of the feelings his appearance in their peaceful abode had excited—it was his anxiety to soothe them.

"Citizens," said he, in a manner sufficiently respectful to re-assure them, and dissipate their apprehensions; "I am merely fulfilling my prescribed duty as a soldier. It is stated that General Stofflet and his staff passed the last night in this neighborhood—*your* house is pointed out as the only one in which he could have obtained shelter. I am gratified in its having fallen to *my* lot to investigate this matter, as I hope to be able as much as possible to moderate the rigor of the orders which I have received."

"We are here alone," said the lady; "my daughters and myself. We live as retired as possible, and wholly apart from the tumults inseparable from a state of civil war. If you doubt my word—there can be no difficulty in searching my house."

Marcel's fine countenance in an instant expressed his repugnance to the idea that he was there in the capacity of a spy, or an agent of police. Madame de Souland saw, and appreciated that expression: her unwelcome visitor, however, contented himself with telling her that her statement was of itself sufficient.

"Perhaps," added he, "under the circumstances, I might venture to ask you to give a few hours' shelter and some refreshment to the men of my company, who are with me—we have been marching all night, and they require a little rest."

"These rooms are at their service," replied the lady; "I will give directions that they shall be accommodated as comfortably as we can manage it. I presume," continued the lady, "there will be no objection to allowing my daughters and myself to retire to our own apartments during their stay?"

Captain Marcel graciously indicated his accordance with her wishes, and in less than five minutes after their departure from the *salon*, it was filled by the hungry soldiers of the republic, who rushed into it pell-mell, and lost not a moment in seizing with unmitigated eagerness the abundance of cold meat and wine, which were served to them with an unsparing hand, until they had satisfied their appetites and thirst. One of them, who was universally believed to be a secret agent, commissioned by Carrier and some other representatives of the people, threw himself into a magnificent velvet armed-chair, and stretching his legs, cased as they were in dirty, dusty boots, upon another, exclaimed, "This is all vastly agreeable, and rather fine into the bargain, and we have made ourselves uncommonly comfortable at the expense of these *ci-devants;* but business must be looked to—the meat and the wine essential to life, don't tell us anything about Stofflet—your orders are peremptory, Captain—eh?—this suspected house is safe—it ought to be burnt."

"My orders," said Marcel, "are strict enough; but they refer to the finding Stofflet, and it is our duty to sacrifice everything to get hold of him, and deliver him up to the Republic; but here are three innocent women living in this house—it is quite impossible that they should have answered me in the manner they did, if there were the slightest grounds for the General's information. No—no, they have treated us well—we are all fresh and ready for a start, so let us get into marching order."

"No, Captain, no," said the suspected agent, "not just yet. Do *you* think, Captain, that all this fine breakfast with which we have been so *kindly* regaled, was got ready for a middle-aged lady and her two daughters?—Somebody else was expected—what do you think of *that*, Captain?" At the same time tossing him a letter from the Abbé Bernier to Stofflet, which he had found lying open on one of the tables in the room? "Dated three days since, Captain," added the fellow. "What does it say? that Madame Souland—the aristocratic 'lady' up stairs, would give it to Stofflet himself the moment he reached her house; what do you think of *that*, Captain? why, that he *was* here last night, and that she *did* give it to him. Perhaps he saw from that window the flames of our last night's triumph, the destruction of the house of his former masters—they served him as a warning—he fled, and he is yet before us. Comrades!—human feelings are not to be considered—the country's welfare is paramount to all. It is our duty to take care that the tyrant shall never again be able to take refuge in this asylum."

The republican soldiers, half-drunk as they were, too aptly comprehended the meaning of this heartless monster's words, and too quickly put his implied orders into execution—in two minutes they were dispersed throughout the whole house—some rushed into the upper rooms, others burst into the cellars—every part of the building was rummaged and ransacked. Oaths the most blasphemous—songs the most vulgar and disgusting, were yelled within its walls. The wretched Madame de Souland and her trembling daughters heard the horrid sounds even in the remote room in which they had shut themselves up; above, below, tumult raged. The daughters who had already witnessed much of the horror of civil war, endeavored to encourage their exemplary mother to bear up against the dreadful infliction.

"We shall soon be houseless," said the elder one; "but in our wretchedness and exile, we shall have the happiness of knowing that the last act of our prosperous life was sheltering and saving one of the noblest supporters of the royal cause." Madame de Souland clasped her children to her bosom, while tears streamed from her eyes.

All at once a yell was raised amongst the bloodhounds, and the cry of "Burn the house! Serve it as we served Maulevrier last night! Smoke the fox from his hiding-place!" was universal.

In an instant they rushed from the building, and lighting torches made of the broom growing round about it, set fire to it in various places, and having done

so, withdrew in such order as to surround it so that no human being could escape from the blazing ruins before them.

The moment the flames curled round the walls, the wretched Madame de Souland rushed into the balcony over the door, her two daughters clinging senseless to her arms, screaming for help—for mercy.

"In the name of heaven raise a ladder! not for *me*—not for *me*—but my poor children. Oh, save *them!*" and in an agony of despair she lifted up one of her beloved girls as if to excite the compassion of the incendiaries.

The agent of Carrier smiled.

"Captain," said he, "I should like to have a shot at those royalists."

"The man who fires, dies by my hand," said Marcel, in an agony of despair and disgust.

At that moment two shots were heard, and in an instant two of the three victims in the balcony, which had just taken fire, lay drenched in blood.

Marcel rushed to the Man of the People, who had done this deed, and crying out, "Miscreant! you have realised your dreadful intention—I fulfil mine." At which words, placing the barrel of his pistol close to the barbarian's head, he pulled the trigger, and the murderer was a corpse.

This was a desperate step—the coolness and firmness of Marcel, and the sight of the fallen monster, had their effect upon the soldiers—they gazed with astonishment, but murmured not.

"There *were* three," cried Marcel, "two only have been butchered. Citizens, they are women—help me to save the third."

An affirmative shout of willingness was the answer. The balcony was scaled—Marcel leading the party who joined him—he rushed past the bleeding bodies of the poor innocents who had fallen, into the midst of the house; the rafters glistened in the fitful breeze, and the beams crackled under his feet—amidst the dense smoke which still filled the more remote parts of the building, he forced his way—a dreadful crime had been committed, and Marcel had sworn never to leave the burning ruins, unless the unhappy girl, now become an orphan, was the companion of his return. In vain he sought—he could find no trace of her; the flames were towering up; every moment added to the perils of his position. Still he flinched not, failed not, till at the very last instant of hope, at the end of a corridor, of which the flames had only just seized hold, he saw a female figure stretched upon the floor. At one bound, he reached the spot where she lay, she was senseless and cold as death, but she yet breathed: Marcel raised her up, and placing her in his arms, retraced his hurried steps along the burning floors till he again reached the balcony. His precious burden was happily unconscious of the work of horror going on. The flames were already devouring the blood-stained bodies of her mother and sister over which he had to tread.

The ladder by which he had ascended, was steadied by the men below, and Marcel brought the rescued Innocent safely to the ground. Then did his noble heart overflow—then did gratitude take place of intrepidity, and tears fell from his eyes.

"Let us, my friends," said he, to the soldiers, "complete this act of expiation which has been so well begun—let us protect this helpless girl who now has nowhere else to look for protection."

The appeal had its effect—the unfortunate creature was no longer an aristocrat—a royalist; she was an orphan, whose mother and sister had been killed—a countrywoman, whom their captain had rescued from death—the sentiment expressed by Marcel was unanimously adopted.

The generous-hearted victim to political phrensy, watched over his youthful charge with a fraternal solicitude, and suggested to his comrades the absolute necessity of removing her from the dreadful scene of her distress and bereavement before she recovered sufficiently to be aware of what had happened; expressing his opinion that the right course to pursue, would be to place her in security at the first farm-house which they might reach—a proposition only rendered questionable by the fact, that the active operations of the revolutionists in advance had left scarcely a farm-house standing in their line of march. It is true that the houses of the *ci-devant* nobility and gentry had been specially marked for destruction by the levellers, and the axe and the firebrand had amply fulfilled their duty; but when the bettermost dwellings were gone, the mad fury of popular desperation, which no argument can check, or no reasoning control, fell upon the farms and cottages. At Marcel's suggestion, a sort of litter was constructed, upon which the poor sufferer was gently borne along; nor was it for a considerable time that she evinced any symptoms of returning consciousness. The moment at length arrived—the moment which Marcel, who had never quitted the side of the litter, so anxiously expected, and so deeply dreaded.

In that moment a confused recollection of all the horrors to which she had been exposed, flashed into her mind; she raised herself on the litter—she gazed about her—she found herself the prisoner of the men by whom she was surrounded—she gave another wild look around, and hiding her face in her hands, one word only forced itself from her lips.

"Mother—mother!" cried she, in an agony of doubt and fear.

"Young lady," said Marcel, "assure yourself that you are in perfect safety—compose yourself; be calm."

"But where!" cried the unhappy girl; "where is my mother—where is my sister. Oh! give them to me—bring them to me—why am I alone! whither are you taking me! why am I deserted! why unprotected!"

"You are neither," said Marcel, in a soft and tender voice; "you have a protector near you who, from this day, will never desert you; who will be ever ready to sacrifice his life and his fortunes for you, a friend whom misfortune has raised up to you. I am that friend—do not tremble, you have nothing to fear."

"But my mother! my sister!" repeated the distracted girl, scarcely conscious who it was to whom she was speaking.

"Alas!" said Marcel, "a heavy blow has fallen upon you, your mother and sister are no more; your peaceful home exists no longer; you have been preserved by almost a miracle. I swore to save you, and I have done it. I have need of all my firmness to keep these men in order. For your own sake do not unnerve me by the sight of your sorrow; dry your tears, suppress your sighs; we have yet many difficulties to encounter; that we conquer them, depends upon your own resolution."

Mademoiselle de Souland was very young, but yet aware of the wisdom of the Captain's advice. She struggled hard to conceal the agonies of grief which she was suffering, but again burying her face in her hands, implicitly yielded herself to the council and conduct of the stranger, who appeared to be so deeply interested in her fate.

The first place at which they arrived, in which he could hope to find any thing like a suitable asylum for his fair charge, was Chatillon-sur-Sevres, which had already been taken and retaken twice by the Vendeans, and the troops of the much-dreaded Westermann. Marcel looked forward anxiously to reaching this point, inasmuch as he had, some time before, been quartered in the house of a widow, one of its most respectable inhabitants.

He lost not a moment in confiding Mademoiselle de Souland to the care of this exemplary woman; and having told her all that had happened, succeeded in creating a warm feeling of sympathy in her heart for the young lady—not the less readily excited by the fact that the widow herself had suffered, sadly and deeply, during the civil war. Here the gallant Marcel left her—nor was it till time developed to the poor young lady all the dreadful circumstances connected with the death of her mother and sister, that she could duly appreciate the noble conduct of her preserver and protector. Time, also, soothed and softened the sorrows of her heart, and the grief with which she continued for some months weighed down and oppressed, was not unfrequently chequered with feelings of solicitude concerning her gallant and disinterested preserver.

Constantly engaged in the various campaigns in which "regenerated France" was perpetually engaged—ordered from one place to another—either to attack or defend—Marcel had no opportunity of seeing the orphan for many years; but she was never absent from his thoughts, the scene of devastation was constantly before his eyes. He contrasted in his mind the death-like paleness of the unhappy girl, as he bore her, at the peril of his life, amidst the crackling ruins of her home, with the graceful gentleness of manner, and sweetness of expression, which distinguished her when she so short a time before, had joined her mother in welcoming him to their roof. In point of fact, throughout all the eventful scenes of his active life, even in the breach, or the battle-field, the thoughts nearest his heart, and dearest in his memory, were those of Mademoiselle de Souland.

Time wore on, and the fortunes of war again brought Marcel into the neighborhood of Chatillon; but he was no longer a captain—he had risen to the rank of brigadier, the reward of many meritorious services. The moment he had made the necessary disposition of his troops, he hastened to the house of the widow—the asylum of his beloved. In that humble dwelling, in her simple mourning he found her, more lovely than even he had ever fancied her, even in his brightest dreams. He approached her with mingled respect and tenderness, and tears filled her eyes as she extended her hand to welcome him.

"Ah!" said she, endeavoring to conceal her emotion, "how truly grateful I am for this visit! it was not until after we had parted that I was fully aware of the extent of my debt of gratitude to you for your noble conduct to me, and your endeavours to save those who are gone; believe me, the recollection is engraved on my heart, and never will be obliterated."

"Those events," said Marcel, "are equally impressed upon *my* mind, and neither time nor space can efface them. In the dark hour of death and danger, I swore to be your protector—that oath is registered in heaven! You see before you a brother, who desires only to know your wants and wishes, to supply the one and realize the other; all I ask is, that wherever fate or fortune may lead or drive me, your thoughts may be with me; confide to me your sorrows and your hopes, and if fate should deny me the happiness of sharing them, it will be the first object of my life to secure your comfort and tranquillity. The events of that one dreadful day have linked us to each other inseparably."

Tears fell from the bright eyes of Mademoiselle de Souland, and Marcel if he wept not, felt as deeply as she did. She pledged herself to take no step in life without consulting him, and to keep him always acquainted with her circumstances and proceedings. He was delighted with her ready compliance with his wishes, and in the midst of vows and promises of friendship and esteem, forced himself away from her; the impression being strong upon his mind that they should never meet again.

A few days afterwards, Colonel Marcel was ordered to join the army of Italy.

Time wore on, and neither the royalist lady, nor the republican soldier forgot their vows. Whenever an opportunity offered, they corresponded with each other; those opportunities, however, grew more rare as the war advanced.

When tranquillity was re-established in La Vendée, the orphan daughter of the murdered Madame de Souland was put into possession of her patrimonial estate; the revolutionary government not having the power to order its sale, inasmuch as she, the representative of her family, had not emigrated. Her suit, however, had been zealously pressed by Marcel, who had become one of the most distinguished officers in the army of Italy, possessing in an eminent degree the favor and confidence of the First Consul, who readily gave his consent to the restitution, which not only placed the young lady at her ease as to worldly circumstances, but promised peace and tranquillity for the rest of her life.

Marcel followed his chief from Italy to Egypt, from Egypt to France; he was honored, dignified, and decorated, but his elevation did not in the slightest degree weaken or change his feelings with regard to Mademoiselle de Souland.

His efforts to restore her to her property, with all his acknowledged nobleness of heart and generosity of character, might perhaps have been strengthened by a feeling of a tenderer nature than a mere sense of justice, and he might have looked forward at some future day to share the happiness he had secured for her. Certain it is, that the greatest delight he enjoyed during his long and hard-fought campaigns, was derived from the perusal of her letters, expressive as they were of purity of heart and ingenuousness of mind Time and absence seemed to have increased and even changed the character of his affection for the amiable orphan, and he resolved the moment that circumstances permitted it, to avow his love for her, and solicit her hand.

That moment arrived sooner than he expected, and after a separation of eight years, he availed himself of a temporary cessation of hostilities, caused by a hollow treaty of peace entered into with the enemies of France, to hasten to the object of his devotion and esteem.

He reached her residence, all was calm and lovely; no vestige of the old house remained; a new and picturesque villa occupied its site; no sign was *there* of death, or blood, with which the scene had from the fatal day, too well remembered, been associated in his mind. The trees were covered with blossoms, the birds sang sweetly, the air was redolent with perfume, all seemed gay and happy.

The moment the name of "General" Marcel was announced, the mistress of the house flew rather than ran to greet and welcome him; she threw herself into his arms, and with an emotion to which sterner hearts than his are liable, he clasped her to his breast.

"I promised," said he, when he could speak, "I promised to return to you, and here I am; fortune has smiled on me, fate has been propitious; I have risen to the head of my profession; I am rich and prosperous, so am I changed; but as for *you*, I am the same as I was when we parted at Chatillon, or as I was in the hour which we must endeavour to forget."

"And truly worthy," said Mademoiselle de Souland, "are you of the honors you have acquired. Come, come, sit down in *my* house, the house which you have restored to me, and where your life was risked to preserve mine."

The General placed himself by her side, and gazed with delight upon those beautiful features, to which time had given a sweeter and tenderer expression, as he thought, than they even possessed at an earlier period of her life; he took her hand, pressed it to his lips, and drawing her closer to him, said,

"For eight years I have delighted myself with a bright vision of happiness. You alone can realize it, my future comfort depends on *you*, for those eight years I have loved you, dearly, devotedly."

"Oh, General!" said Mademoiselle de Souland, "do not deceive yourself, do not mistake the interest which the peculiarity of my circumstances may have awakened in your mind for any other sentiment."

"Assure yourself," said Marcel, "mine is Love,—pure, honest, and sincere."

"Oh! do not, do not, say it," sobbed the agitated girl; "let me love you as a sister, let me think of you as my kindest brother, as you *have* been and *are* my dearest friend—thanks to your interest and power I am rich; my family property is restored to me; but listen, hear me; a cousin of mine to whom I was engaged to be married, in the time of our prosperity, who fought, and who has bled in the cause of the loyalists, has returned from a long exile, a beggar; he comes to claim me. A few hours before my beloved mother's death, she implored me to fulfil my pledge to him; *then*, little thinking how many years were to elapse before it would be possible for me to do so. Her words still ring in my ear, can I break the promise I made to *her*, the vow I pledged to *him?*"

"No!" said Marcel, as firmly as he was able; his cheeks were pale, his lips quivered, and tears stood in his eyes.

"Beloved woman!" said he, "be happy—to secure you that happiness was the object of my life; I *had* hoped to contribute to it, to share it; that is over, let me remain your dearest friend." Having said which, his countenance assumed another expression, and with a forced gaiety he added,

"But, upon one condition: I must be presented to my rival—your marriage must take place immediately—let me at least have the satisfaction of giving you to him; let him receive the blessing at the hand of the brother whom Providence has given you."

The struggle was too much for the generous Marcel, the tears fell from his eyes. Mademoiselle de Souland wept bitterly.

"Come, come," said the General, "do not let us be childish, *my* sacrifice is made, sorrow for me is useless, for *you* there is none. Now, tell me where I can find the happy object of your affections, we must be friends."

It is not to be supposed that this (heroic, it may be called) request was uncomplied with. Within two hours the distinguished General was at the door of the emigrant royalist.

"Sir," said he, as he entered the largest room of one of the smallest imaginable houses, "I ought not, perhaps, to be entirely unknown to you; I am General Marcel. Mademoiselle de Souland, whose life I saved in the midst of the horrors and bloodshed in which her mother and sister perished, and whom I love better than my life, tells me that you are betrothed to her; with *me*, whatever she says is a command. Yes, sir; even upon this important point, which utterly overthrows my hopes of future happiness and comfort. Here I am, for the purpose of entreating you to decide the question, which if left in suspense I am sure I should not have strength of mind to endure."

"Sir," said the favored lover, "your history, so wonderfully and intimately connected with that of my cousin, has long been familiar to me; your noble frankness of manner demands a similar ingenuousness on *my* part. All her letters to you, all yours to her, since my return to France have been read by *me;* she consulted me; I advised her, I was charmed with the nobleness and disinterestedness of your affection for her; what has just occurred only proves the justice of my opinion of you.

"Well," said the General, "under these circumstances, you can have no wish to postpone your marriage, why was it delayed so long?"

"Because," said the lover, "till she had seen you, and told you all the circumstances, she did not feel herself at liberty to take so decisive a step without your consent; will you, indeed, General," continued he, "add this blessing to the other benefits you have conferred upon her family?"

"I will," said Marcel, with great emotion; "but it must be done quickly—I have made up my mind—come with me to her house—*my* sacrifice is made—but I cannot dwell upon it. Come—come—let it be to-day, hear her consent and I will stay to see it ratified."

They walked together to the house of the lady; nothing remained to the completion of the happiness of the young couple, but the celebration of the ceremony. In less than a week, Marcel led Mademoiselle de Souland to the altar, not as a bridegroom but a brother. He bore it calmly and firmly—there seemed no struggle of feelings in his mind until the pair were married—actually married.

"You will be happy," said he, as the ceremony ended, his heart beating, and his eyes again wet with tears; "you *must* be happy—it is the dearest object of my hopes, the sincerest of my wishes—farewell! I have seen you established—I have seen you united to the man of your choice—adieu!—but sometimes think of the unfortunate Marcel."

Monsieur and Madame Cassan, for Madame Cassan had Mademoiselle de Souland now become, clung round their noble benefactor. He embraced them affectionately, but the sight of their happiness he could not long have endured. He rejoined the army.

Eleven years passed after this noble sacrifice and painful separation. Eleven years of hard fighting. Marcel was everywhere in the thick of it,—from West to North—from Austerlitz to Saragossa—from Vienna to Moscow—his influence with the upstart usurper gradually increased, and he was named General of Division. The assumption of Imperial authority, by the man who became what he was, by clambering over the ruins of royalty, produced for him, besides his decorations, a title; and the obscure workman, raised into notice at a period when the destruction of the nobility was the first object of the wretches with whom he was linked, became, under the Napoleon usurpation, Count Marcel; during which eleven years, such were the occupations of the ennobled mechanic, that very few letters passed between him and Madame Cassan; those, however, which he did receive gave him great pleasure, as announcing the happiness of the wife, and the gratitude to *him*, of the husband.

All the glories of Count Marcel and his master, however, were destined to be dimmed, and eventually extinguished, by Wellington, the invincible; the British army defeated and defeated over and over again all the array of troops, gallant and experienced as they were, which the *soi-disant* Emperor could bring to face them. What the French call the long unsullied purity of their soil, was violated, and the tramp of the stranger was heard in its plains, its villages, and its cities.

All these reverses agitated Madame de Cassan only inasmuch as they might affect the Count Marcel. She had shuddered at the perils he had encountered amongst the snows of Russia, and in the inclemency of Beresina; but she dreaded much more the effect likely to be produced upon his mind by the overthrow of the Emperor, by whom he had been honored, elevated, and decorated, but in whose downfall her loyal heart could not fail to rejoice.

The Imperial throne, based on usurpation and injustice, fell; but Count Marcel was one of those conscientious and consistent persons who boldly stuck by the wreck, even while the ship was sinking. He did not quit Fontainbleau until no Emperor remained in France.

During the eleven years which had passed since the day on which General Marcel made the noble sacrifice which we have recorded, his character had undergone an extraordinary change. Love no longer occupied his heart—his friendship, his esteem for Madame Cassan were as warm and intense as ever, but the current of his thoughts, the course of his ambition, were changed. He began to feel the approach of age—accelerated by the effects of the wounds he had received; he became grave and thoughtful, and his mind adapted itself to pursuits not purely military; in fact, his ambition was to become one of the leading men in the empire. His hopes were realized, and when his master fell, he was as highly placed as subject well could be.

When that fall occurred, and he unwillingly and tardily quitted Fontainbleau—all his greatness gone—his rank and titles gone, his thoughts reverted to the only two living beings in whom he had any interest. But what had happened? The throne of France was filled by the king whose restoration they had so long and so ardently desired—the head of that house, for which in sorrows and adversity they had suffered even unto the death, had been welcomed to his capital by the cheers and shouts of rejoicing millions, enraptured to be freed from the tyranny inherent in a *liberal* government. Marcel the great, although fallen Marcel, determined never to disturb the quietude and happiness of Madame Cassan and her husband, and resolved neither to visit, or write to her again.

The calm which followed the joyous restoration and return of the Bourbons, was, as everybody knows, soon broken by military disaffection, and the escape of Bonaparte from his burlesque exile at Elba. It may easily be imagined that Count Marcel, favored as he had been by the Corsican chief, flew to welcome the arrival of his eagles again on the shores of France.

In the meantime, and before Bonaparte's escape—if it could be called an escape from a place in which he never was watched—Monsieur de Cassan, the husband of Marcel's love, had been sent for to Paris; and by an impulse of gratitude, not always felt by very great personages towards very small ones, had been rewarded for all the sufferings he had undergone, and all the fidelity he had evinced, by a somewhat important office in the capital. Then came the hundred days—then came the glorious triumph of England, under Wellington, at Waterloo—then followed the surrender of General Bonaparte, and his consequent banishment—then what happened to General Count Marcel, wounded and conquered like his master—who, however, was conquered without being wounded!—Count Marcel was suspected and accused of having been concerned in a conspiracy, to the nature of which we need not here refer, but the effects of which France may long lament.

The moment that Madame de Cassan heard that her protector—he to whom she owed her life and fortune, was compromised, her heart told her how to act. Her husband was established in his responsible office in Paris, she was living in the country, engaged in the education of her children, regardless alike of the troubles or pleasures of the capital. But her dearest friend—the man to whom she was indebted for her existence, her competence, and her husband, was in danger. All thoughts—all considerations, gave way to her resolution to save him at all hazards. Quitting her tranquil home, and tearing herself away from her beloved family, she started for Paris. The moment her husband saw her he knew the motives of her hurried and lengthened journey.

"General Marcel," said he, is seriously implicated—you have come to rescue him—I will assist you; but I tell you he is as seriously implicated as either Ney or Labedoyere. He has some bitter personal enemies in the present government. I need not assure you that he may reckon at least upon one friend."

Madame de Cassan could only reply to this generous speech of her hubsand, by pressing his hand; her feelings for Marcel's safety were seriously aggravated by the intelligence which she had received of his position, and she resolved to lose no time in endeavouring to discover the object of her solicitude. This, however, was no easy task; her applications to his ancient companions in arms, were coldly received; her entreaties for advice how to act with the greatest probability of success, produced no replies: until at length, and when she had begun almost to despair, of having the power to be useful to him, one of his late aides-de-camp, still devoted to his chief, and convinced by her earnestness and solicitude, of the sincerity and purity of Madame de Cassan's views and intentions, disclosed to her the name of the person, who, in spite of the vigilance and frequent visits of the police, had ventured to afford the fallen favourite an asylum for the last few weeks. It required great caution, as well as trouble, to find out his retreat; at length she succeeded.

The moment the Count beheld her, as she entered the door of the garret in which he was concealed, he started from the wretched couch on which he was sitting, and running to meet her, exclaimed with a countenance full of hope and joy.

"Fate cannot injure me now!—I care for nothing more—you have not abandoned me, and I am satisfied."

"Nay," said Madame de Cassan, "what have I done for you? I came not here through flames and peril—I have not rushed amidst death and danger to serve and save you as you did for me on that fatal night. I am here to endeavor to pay a debt of gratitude; are you willing to trust your life to the woman who owes her life to you?"

"Angel of goodness!" said the General, falling on his knees, "to you—to your care—to your judgment, I too gladly commit myself."

"Then come with me," said Madame de Cassan; "this moment come—another hour it will be too late—Fouche's police are already aware of your hiding-place."

"But whither am I to go?" said the General, astonished by the energy of his companion.

"To *my* house—to my husband's house here in Paris," replied she, "for a time, and then with us to the quiet scenes of your noble devotion, and to my interests; there you will be safe. Ney, Labedoyere, and the others, who have taken part in recent events, are awaiting the decrees of justice. I come to shield you from a culprit's death—it is my duty—it is my right—you belong to me, for you are unfortunate; and I shall exercise that right for *your* preservation, as *you*, in other days, exerted yours for *mine*."

Count Marcel, overcome by the unqualified avowal of his friend's determination, followed her implicitly. Her husband's carriage, which was waiting in an adjoining street, conveyed the anxious pair to his house. M. de Cassan received him warmly, embraced him, and by the shelter of his name, the credit of his office, and his unquestioned devotion to the House of Bourbon, protected his political opponent in perfect safety, until after passing a feverish life in the capital for some time, the opportunity arrived for his removal to La Vendee. Then under the shade of M. de Cassan's white cockades, the conspirator of the 20th of March accompanied his intrepid protectress and her husband to the beautiful retreat, which she owed to his influence with the government now overthrown.

Within one hour of Madame de Cassan's visit to the place of Marcel's concealment, whence she forced him, Decazes was aware of its locality, it was visited, searched—one hour too late.

After all their cares and anxieties, the delight may easily be conceived with which they breathed the fresh air, and enjoyed the bright sunshine of nature, in scenes connected with a deep and thrilling interest to all the party. Marcel by degrees recovered his serenity of mind, and in the character of a distant relation of the mistress of the house, who had returned to France upon the restoration of her legitimate kings, he remained a resident there until a new change took place in the government. His name was then included in the amnesty which was spontaneously granted by an act of royal goodness and clemency. But when the events of 1830 brought into power those who were rejected in 1815, Marcel (whose services Charles X. had accepted), refused all offers of employment which were made to him.

He still lives—advanced in years, but weighed down more, perhaps, by the effects of his numerons wounds, than by age alone. His time is passed chiefly amidst Madame de Cassan's growing family, in whose society his happiness consists; and often do these excellent friends think upon the events of their earlier lives, while contemplating the scenes in which at one period the revolutionary soldier saved the life of a royalist lady, and which at another, witnessed a proscribed Bonapartist borne to the hospitable roof of a minister of the Bourbon government for shelter and protection. These thoughts bring tears into their eyes; but strange as the events may be to which they thus recur, they serve to prove that there exists in this great and busy world something better and brighter even than glory—compassion for the unfortunate!

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THE WITNESS-BOX.

BY T. S. FAY.

The nominal purpose of a court of justice is to seek the *truth*; but I question whether the *truth* is ever in other places more attacked, sneered at, brow-beaten, ridiculed, and put out of countenance. It is the *truth* which every one in his turn finds it his interest to conceal. It is truth that every one is afraid of. Even the party most unequivocally in the right is anxious to exclude *the truth* from the other side, lest it may seem to to contradict his own; and all the lawyers, and even the judge, seem as much on the watch to stop the witness's mouth every two minutes as they have been to make him come there to open it. To me, one of the most ridiculous things in the world is a witness in the box, trying (poor fellow!) to give in his testimony. He is, we will suppose, not in the slightest degree interested in either of the parties, and doubtless, wishes them both tied together by the neck, and at the bottom of the Thames. He comes into court not voluntarily, but dragged if he resists, by two or three scowling ministers of the law, who, from the mere fact of his being presumed to know something about the pending suit, think themselves entitled to treat him as if he had been brought up for robbing a hen-roost. He is forced from his business or his amusements for the purpose of speaking the truth, and he inwardly resolves to tell the whole story as soon as possible, and get rid of the business. He thinks he knows the worst. He thinks the loss of time, and the awkwardness of speaking for the first time of his life in public, are the extent of his sufferings. Unsuspecting victim! He no sooner enters the box than he finds himself at once the centre of a circle of enemies, and holding a position not greatly unlike that of a prisoner in an Indian war dance. He tries to tell his story.

Witness—I was going down Maiden-lane—

Mr. Sergeant Bowwow—Stop, Sir.

Counsellor Botherall—Don't interrupt the witness.

Counsellor Badger—The witness is ours.

Counsellor Bluster (fiercely and indignantly)—We want the fact.

Judge—Let the witness tell his story.

Witness—I was going down Maiden-lane, where I live—

Bowwow—We don't want to know where you live, Sir.

Botherall—That is a part of his testimony.

Badger—You can take the witness into your own hands when we have done with him; at present he is ours.

Bluster (sarcastically)—Very well, Sir.

Judge—Gentlemen, I beg you will sit down.

One of the Aldermen—Officer, keep order.

Officer (in a tone of thunder, and with a scowl of more than oriental despotism upon the spectators, who are not making any noise that they are aware of.)—Silence!

Witness—I was going down Maiden-lane, where I reside, as I said before, when—

Bowwow—You don't come here, Sir, to repeat what you said before?

Botherall—I beg—

Badger (starting to his feet)—I demand—

Bluster—My Lord, I appeal to you to protect me from the impertinence of this witness.

All the Counsellors and Judge together—The witness must—

Officer (looking at the audience again, and in a voice of thunder)—Silence!

Judge—Gentlemen, it seems to me that the best way to come at the truth is to let the witness go on, and I will call him to order if he wanders from his duty.—Witness!

Witness—My Lord.

Judge—Tell the plain fact of this assault—tell the jury what you know about it. Remember you are here to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Raise your voice, and turn your face to the jury. What do you know of this affair?

Again the witness commences, the lawyers continuing to skirmish around him all the while, like a parcel of wild Arabs fighting for the clothes of some unhappy prisoner. So far from getting a chance to say the truth, the poor man cannot get a chance to say anything. At length, bewildered out of his recollection—frightened, insulted, and indignant—however really desirous of telling the truth, he stumbles upon some inconsistency; some trifling, or not trifling paradox—accounted for at once, and to every one's entire satisfaction, by the idea that he has forgotten. But then comes the cross-examination; then the scientific artillery of a cool, able lawyer, sharpened by thirty years of similar practices, is brought to bear upon one trembling, and already nervous stranger—perhaps ignorant, perhaps a boy. Then comes the laugh of judge and jury, the murmur of astonishment from the crowd, that a person could be found base and degraded enough to say that "the defendant wore a little-rimmed hat," when he acknowledged subsequently, off his guard, that the hat had "a tolerably large rim." Then the poor fellow, sore all over, and not quite sure that he will not be sent to prison and hard labor, for perjury, before the week has rolled away, although he is the only person in the court who does not in a greater or less degree merit that punishment, is dismissed to a bench a few yards off, where he is obliged to remain to hear the lawyers, in their address to the jury, tear his character to pieces with fine turns of rhetoric, and yet finer gesticulations.

"What, gentlemen of the jury," says Mr. Sergeant Bowwow, in a tone of the deepest contempt, "what does the next witness, this Mr. John Raw say? Gentlemen, he comes forward under the most peculiar circumstances. A dark mystery shrouds his motives, which I shall not endeavor altogether to dissolve; but he comes forward, and he takes his place in that witness-box with the open, the avowed, the undisguised, the unaffected, the determined resolution to fix upon my client, the injured Mr. Savage, this foul and unnatural assault and battery. You saw him, gentlemen, when I cross-examined him, tremble under my eye—you saw him hesitate and turn pale at my voice." (Sergeant Bowwow, very probably, has a voice that would intimidate a bear.) "You heard him stammer and take back his words, and say he did 'not recollect.' Is this, gentlemen of the jury, an honest witness? The language of truth is plain and simple; it requires no previous calculation. If I ask you if you saw the sun set to-day, you answer yes or no; you do not hesitate, you do not tremble. You do not say, 'yes I did,' and in the very next breath, 'no, I did not.' You do not at first tell me, 'I walked ten miles yesterday,' and afterwards say, 'yesterday I was all day ill in bed.'"

(Here one of the jurors puts his nose by that of another, and utters something in approbation of this argument, and the other one nods his head, and looks at the speaker, as much as to say, "there is no use in trying to elude the sagacity of this keen-sighted lawyer. The witness had much better have told the truth.")

"Now, gentlemen, what does this witness say? He commenced, by telling you, gentlemen, that he lived in Maiden-lane, that he was going home on the day when this ridiculous and unnatural assault is said to have taken place; that he saw a crowd; that he approached; that he saw Mr. Savage, my client, the defendant in this action, come up to the plaintiff, Mr. Wiggins, and give him, Wiggins, the said plaintiff, a blow with a bludgeon. But, gentlemen, when I came to sift this plausible story, you heard him equivocate, and contradict himself. 'What sort of a hat had Mr. Savage on?' 'A black one.' 'Of what breadth was the rim?' 'About an inch.' He thought, doubtless, he was to have every thing his own way, till I brought into the witness-box to confront him the hatter who made and sold the hat, and who proves to you that the rim was broad. You cannot morally doubt that the hat worn on that day by Savage was a broad-brimmed hat; all the witnesses for the defendant swear it, and even Mr. John Raw himself, when closely questioned, acknowledged that it might have been a broad-brimmed hat. Next, gentlemen, the pantaloons. 'What color were Mr. Savage's pantaloons?' 'Black,' said this Mr. John Raw. Gentlemen, I have produced these pantaloons in court. They have been identified beyond the possibility of doubt. What was the result? You saw yourselves, gentlemen, the pantaloons were pepper and salt."

A cry of admiration throughout the court. The officer cries order.

The poor witness unfortunately occupies a conspicuous seat, and all eyes are fixed upon him with the most virtuous indignation.

"Furthermore, gentlemen, I asked this witness to describe the bludgeon. He could not. 'Had it ivory or gold on the handle?' He could not tell. 'Was there a ferrule upon the end?' Did not know. 'Was it heavy?' 'Yes.' 'Had he ever handled it?' 'No.' (Another buzz of admiration.) 'Was he personally acquainted with Mr. Savage?' 'No.' 'Had he ever seen him before?' 'No.' 'Since?' 'No.' 'Could he tell whether he had an aquiline nose or not?' 'No.' 'Was he not a friend of Mr. Wiggins's?' 'Yes.' 'Had he not expressed an opinion upon this case?' 'Yes; he had said the scoundrel ought to have been ashamed of himself.' 'Was Mr. Wiggins's hat knocked off?' 'No.' But, before he left the witness-box, he said he saw the blood on the top of the plaintiff's head. How could he see the top of his head unless the hat had been knocked off?"

Another buzz. The witness here rose, and said, "Mr. Wiggins took it off to show me."

Officer—Silence there!

Judge—Witness, you must not interrupt the counsel. You have had the opportunity of saying whatever you pleased. If you are again guilty of so great an indecorum, I shall be obliged to commit you.

Witness stands stupid.

Officer—Sit down! (in a tone of indignant command.) Witness sits down. Officer scowls at him as if he would snap his head off.

I shall not follow the learned gentleman further. I only appeal to every witness that has ever been brought into a court of justice, whether he has not found it often the most difficult place in the world to tell the truth in, and whether, when the truth was at length told, there ever were so many attempts made to mystify it? Whether so much of what every one present knew in his heart to be the truth, could any where else be so deliberately rejected, and whether, when this poor, belaboured, mutilated, unhappy truth, so much demanded, was at length produced, it did not have such an aspect, so disguised that its own mother might not have have known it! Bentley's Miscellany for May.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

BY LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

Sir.—Ten years have passed since I last wrote and complained to you about all the boxes that annoyed me so much when I had first commenced to learn your language. Since that time I have studied it grammatically, and read a very great number of your best authors at my house near Tours, where I also made some acquaintance with your countryfolks, who did not do me much good in improving my conversation, as they are all so fond of pretension to speak French, which is ridiculous. Also experience taught me not to be too careless to form intimacy, for too many of your compatriots that come to stop long in one place, are not of your best sort, but have got a something generally wrong about their conduct or affairs. So I have not practised so much conversation as I desired, which I confess to you, in case there may be some little error of prosody in the lines I send to say "Farewell!" now I am leaving your country, after an agreeable tour of a few months. You are so generous, and so much *au fait* in poetry, that if I have made a mistake or two in quantity, you will I am sure, correct them. Yours is an agreeable tongue to write poetry in, as you have such an abundance of similar terminations to your different words, and you will perceive that I have been very careful to use none but legitimate rhymes.

I could have said something about the coronation, and your mobs huzzaing old Soult, but others have talked enough about that, and I dont like what you call "humbug;" and as for a mob, I respect it not a bit, for reasons enough in our revolutions; and so I conceive yours would have been as much pleased if it had been a green bear or a scarlet pig, or any other *rara avis*, as an old moustache. What is it to them? Bah! Something to roar at, to make themselves thirsty for more beer and gin. Don't think me too condemning of yours, as I have seen and heard our mobs applaud and huzza Napoleon, Louis *Dix-huit*, Napoleon again, Louis again, Charles *Dix*, and Louis Philippe, and also howl and groan and hiss at all in their turn, and many others I could name. But this is near political, so I shall not proceed, and only say so much as I do not consider the mob to be the people to whom of your country I mean no disrespect, as I saw them industrious and proper. I pray you to pardon this long introduction to my bagatelle, and accept my thanks for your attention to my neophytic complaint in "auld lang syne;" and believe me, Sir,

Your very obedient servant, LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

Christopher North, Esq., Edinburgh.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

Dover.

Farewell! I go across the main,
And leave thy shores, oh, Great Britain!
  And bid my friends good by.
I've found thy land all very nice,
And conquer'd many a prejudice
  Bred in my own country.

'Tis true we once were enemies,
And both believed the monstrous lies
  That we did daily read,
Made up for party purposes,
And always under our noses—
  We now know truth instead.

No more in future by the hour
We'll listen to the false rumour
  That would our friendship mar.
I really think I never shall
Forgive the papers that did call
  Hard names during the war.

Henceforth I never more can bear
Such scandal-mongers' stuff to hear,
  Because I know my erring;
It now will only do for some
Poor ignorants who stop at home,
  And ne'er crossed pond of herring.*

I've travelled now, and the result
Was, that though first I difficult
  Found it to catch each word,
Yet gradually my ear improved,
Till, listening to your tongue, I loved,
  Were speaker clown or lord.

Then through your land I took a trip,
And agreeably made friendship
  With manufacturers,
Who showed me all their great machines.
I saw your churches with divines;
  And then saw fish-curers.

I saw great rollers roll upon
Great masses of red-hot iron,
  And squeeze them all abroad,
Till they became quite thin and flat,
To cut into I don't know what,
  To go by the rail-road.

Then curiosity did lead
Me on, to see them making thread,
  Pins, needles, knives, and forks,
Lace, muslin, calico, and cloth,
In England and in Scotland both,
  And other wond'rous works.

Indeed, 'tis strange your small island
Should such variety command
  Of fabrics, and of fish;
And also such superb coal mines,
All worked by mighty steam-engines
  In almost each parish.

And then, to make myself quite sure
About your mode of land culture,
  I spent a week rural;
And saw the farmers round the bowl,
Talking of cattle, sheep, and fowl,
  All agricultural.

I also liked to see the cows,
Promenade about your green meadows,
  Almost as fine as ours;
Particularly near Richmond,
And other prairies beyond,
  Where "Thames his tribute pours."

'Tis true you want our charming vines,
But then your country's intestines
  Yield much precious metal;
Which makes it not such great disgrace
Not to be rich on the surface,
  When work'd with capital.

Your commerce, too, is very great;
To see your ships is quite a treat,
  Voyaging in the Thames;
Each having a full cargo got,
Making London an *entrepot*
  Of goods of all the names.

And I must say that, next to France,
You have the greatest abundance
  Of beautiful women;
For though they're not so nicely drest,
They have a manner quite modest,
  Though polite and open.

To send them from the dinner-table
Appears to me most lamentable;
  That custom should be changed.
A charming dame agreed thereto,
As we to dinner down did go,
  And on my arm she hang'd.

You're right, in this more polish'd age,
To make them learn the French language,
  Which must be spoke by all
The nations that compose Europe;
Which you yourselves can never hope
  The English language shall.

Of politics I will not speak,
But hope our friendship will not break—
  Of strife we've had enough;
'Tis better far than making wars,
To keep your soldiers and your tars
  Minding the loom and plough.

And now I've seen your country through,
Although the sea is very rough
  I do not mind a groat,
But quick, as by magician's hand,
Shall be borne off from your island,
  Upon a fine steam-boat.

And, when I at my home arrive,
I will, as surely as I live,
  A bumper fill with wine;
And, for his literary worth,
Drink "Success to Christopher North
  And *Blackwook's Magazine.*"

Blackwood's Magazine. LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

* I was informed that you colloquially call the sea "the herring pond." If it is wrong, it is not my fault, as I am misled by your compatriots.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S STAR.

In nights calm and clear, 'mid the bright orbs I try
To trace her bright home in the beautiful sky;
And I gaze on some star, till in fancy I see
The far-shining Spirit still smiling on me.—*Mirror.* *Anon.*

* * * * It is the fifth, and on the fifteenth I shall be the happiest of mortal men. Ten short days!—no, ten long, long days!—must fade into longer nights, before I can call my Marion mine. Ten days!—why, there are more than two hundred,—almost three hundred hours to be passed; but will not Hope lighten them, will not gentle Sleep enclose some of them within her forgetful curtains, and every moment of time bring me nearer and nearer to the goal of all my wishes and all my prayers? Yet I am wretched with the excess of Joy,—the excess of Joy, at whose approach Fear has grown into excess greater still. Ah! how like to far travel is the journey of life! While distant from its object and its home, the mind feels but languid longings for their attainment, shadowy and unabiding presentiments of possible evil; but as we near them, as the intervening space diminishes, as the thousand miles shorten into one, how beats the pulse as the blood rushes through every vein! how throbs the heart to bursting! how weary seems the way! how dreadfully arise the spectres of unheard-of change or fatal accident!—The last brief tide *is* the voyage round the world,—the last few hours *is* the sum and history of human existence.

* * * And well might Henry Sturmond thus dwell on the date of his appointed union; for if ever angel were embodied in an earthly form, it was in the idol of his devoted affections. Marion was the loveliest of the lovely, the sweetest of the sweet: so bright, and yet so soft; so wise, and yet so simple; so noble, and yet so tender; that whilst ardent passion bent in holy warmth before the blooming girl, a feeling allied to adoration hallowed the presence of the perfect woman. What a countenance was hers,—the model fixed, but the expression ever varying! On her ample brow sat Intellect enthroned; and round that throne what radiance of auburn gold. In her deep hazel eye now lightened the glance of spiritual essence, now swam the dewy moisture of pity, now rose and fell the indescribable meanings of love. On her rosy lips the smile of playful innocence was cradled; nor did the suckling leave its treasure-bed unless exiled for a moment by the advent of sympathy for sorrow, or of sorrow for misery. Such was Marion Delmar in face, nor was she in person less admirable. Nature had set her seal upon the most precious casket that ever enshrined an immortal gem—the setting the proudest and most glorious production of earth, the brightness within an emanation of Heaven.

* * * And old Time wore on; wore on, as from the creation, regardless alike of the sighs of love, the pangs of disappointment, the delights of pleasure, the shrieks of pain, the shouts of mirth, the groans of woe, the revels of sport, the terrors of death.

* * * Of the ten days, eight were flown; and whither had they flown, laden with all these millions of blessings and curses? They had flown back in mystery while they seem to hurry onward,—they had returned to that abyss of eternity from which they sprung, and darkness covered them.

* * * "To-morrow, Henry," said Marion, clasping his hand in hers, and looking with measureless confiding into his watchful eye, "*to-morrow I would be alone.*" To a glance that seemed of the kindest reproach, she replied, "Yes, my dearest Henry, on the next morn I will be yours for life and unto death. It is a solemn act—an act I will fulfil with a devotedness of heart and soul that would satisfy the most avaricious miser of love; but let me have only this one day to prepare myself to be worthy of you, to seek that aid which alone can truly make our fate what every human promise tells us it will be,—a fate of lasting affection, and peace and joy. Indeed, my dearest Henry, *I would to-morrow be alone!*"

"Then give me now, for my consent, one more, one last eve of wandering bliss: let us visit together the spots sacred to our loves,—the grove ringing with the song of birds ere they seek their downy nests, the bank of redolent flowers, and the stream gurgling its music in requital for their odours, the romantic fall where first I breathed my vows of eternal truth, and the ruined abbey that o'er-tops the scene where these vows were accepted and ratified by her to whom I owe life—more than life; all that can make life acceptable, what life can never repay."

* * * The dawn of morning! On a bed of sickness, of agony, lay Marion Delmar. Writhing in the torture of that fell disease before whose appalling might youth and strength were swept away as grass before the scythe of the mower. Alas, for Henry! the stern commands of skill forbade him even to approach that bed of infection and of death. Brief was its awful struggle. Distorted were the ghastly features of matchless loveliness, but last night beaming with intelligence and hope; the rosy tints of health were gone, and that pure colour which had marked the streams of vital principle, like violets strewed among roses on a wreath of snow, no longer natural in motion, had usurped the livid corpse.

* * * The tenth day arrived. The village church was decked with boughs and blossoms; for the dismal tidings had not reached the aged sexton, and he was surveying his cheerful work with an approving glance, when, lo! the summons came to prepare an immediate grave. In that grave, within an hour, was deposited the remains of Marion Delmar, hardly attended to their final abode by the dread-stricken living, whom terror kept from the plague-spotted couch, and whom terror slew in their flight from the danger.

* * * Not even Henry Sturmond was there to see laid in the cold clay, her whom at that very hour he was to have led to the bridal altar. But it was not fear that detained him; it was not despair. The blow had stunned him into utter insensibility; and to have embraced, and kissed, and endeared the horrible wreck of all he loved, or to have witnessed it hurriedly shrouded and tossed into the foul ground, had been the same to him. Reason was dead.

* * * But not for ever. She gradually resumed her empire, and with her came images of Marion, full of life, and warmth, and perception, and thought, and grace, and love—of Marion struck with disease, tormented, dying, passive, dead,—dead even to his love. "To-morrow is here," he exclaimed, "*to-morrow* is here, and *she is alone!*"

* * * The shades of the evening had descended upon the jocund grove, the enamelled bank, the murmuring river, the splashing fall, the mouldering ruin, and Henry trod the paths of yesterday, but *he trod them alone.*

"Oh, God! oh, God!" he cried aloud in his agony, "is there another and a better world?"

He flung himself upon the broken stones, once the tomb of a warrior knight, and scattered near the shrine where kings and abbots had knelt in splendid worship—he flung himself down, and he essayed to pray. But his lips were parched and powerless, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. If he prayed, it was the voiceless aspiration of the crushed and overburthened soul.

* * * As if awakening from a hideous dream, he cast a look toward the calm and starry heaven, and, amazement! to his sight was revealed a new and dazzling Star, bright, and soft, and sweet, and lovely, serene and glorious as his Marion, whom it so splendidly resembled in every attribute and quality. "It is my Marion!" he gasped, "it is herself. She is not lost,—she is not alone! We are together—we are together, for ever and for ever. Come to me, darling of my breaking heart, or take me to thyself.—Come."

* * * In an instant the orb, the new and brilliant lustre of the sky, burst from the sphere, and sunk to the earth, leaving a long white gleam of light behind. It was but an exhalation of the air—a vision for the moment, more unreal and transitory than the mortal brightness which distempered fancy had elected it to restore.

Prone fell the lover to the dust;—the spark of life, like the perished Star, was extinguished.

* * * Were they united for ever and for ever! They slept together, side by side, in the same village churchyard, and on a single marble tablet was sculptured—"A FALLING STAR."

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Kate Scyton and *Passenger*.—The match between these fine 3 yr. olds for $10,000 aside, mile heats, is off. Being made (at the late Camden meeting) without a knowledge of the engagements of the horses entered into by their respective owners, it was stipulated that either party might declare off on payment of $250. Passenger, an imported colt, by Langar, out of My Lady (the dam of Col. HAMPTON'S Imp. Delphine, who is the dam of Monarch, The Queen, and Herald,) by Comus, is the property of Messrs. CORBINS & RINGGOLD, and is engaged in a heavy match to come off over the Fairfield Course, Va., in Oct., for $5000 aside, h. ft., $500 declaration, with Capt. MORGAN'S Imp. Priam colt out of Moss Rose by Tramp. Col. HAMPTON'S *Kate Scyton* (by Argyle, out of Pocahontas by Sir Archy) is heavily engaged at home; her first race, at Camden, S.C., comes off the 2d week in Nov.; ten days afterwards she must run at Columbia, being the only nomination of Col. H. in a large produce stake of twenty-five subscribers; at Augusta, on the Lafayette Course, *Sovereign* and herself are both nominated in a stake of $1000 each subscription, half forfeit; and she is likewise engaged on the Hampton Course, at Augusta, and in Charleston.

By the bye, this challenging and match-making by gentlemen having no control over the horses, and without consulting the feelings or interests of their owners, "is becoming quite too prevalent of late in the sporting community." If gentlemen choose to show off at "bluff" at Jockey Club dinners, let them confine themselves, for God's sake, to a "brag" on their own horses, and not on other people's, by which gentlemen are not unfrequently forced into unpleasant positions with their friends, and the reputation of their horses endangered. We have been induced to allude to this matter as the expression of the general opinion among gentlemen connected with the Turf, and not by any one or more of those individuals whose interests or wishes have been so unwarrantably trifled with.

Length of the Kendall Course.—In another page of to-day's paper will be found a letter from Mr. KENDALL, respecting the length of his Course. The editor was absent at the Trenton Races during the week the remark complained of found its way into the paper, and having attended personally the late brilliant meeting on the Kendall Course, he is prepared to bear witness to the fact that the time made over it is correctly reported, while he has no reason to doubt the statement of its proprietor as regards its length. As Mr K. justly observes, the different stables in attendance comprised the best horses North of South Carolina—the track was in capital order, and the weather delightful. For ourselves, we are willing to take it for granted that the track is a full mile, but as "Cæsar's wife must not be doubted," we hope Mr. K. will have it re-measured, and thus set the matter at rest.

We understand Col. HAMPTON will send *Monarch* to Virginia immediately to be trained for the match with *Portsmouth*—for $20,000 aside, h. ft., four mile heats—to come off over the Newmarket Course at the ensuing Fall Meeting. It will be recollected that Mr. J. C. ROGERS, who made the match, is to name at the post the choice of Monarch and *The Queen*, (the latter owned by Messrs. Merrits and Goodwyn,) against Mr. C. HATCHER'S choice of Portsmouth and *Omega*. Mr. Rogers' choice is the favorite in this city at 2 to 1.

The beautiful mare *Lilac* (own sister to Tishimingo), by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, lately dropped a remarkably fine colt foal to Imp. Skylark, at Mr. JAS. JACKSON'S stud farm, near Florence, Ala. She is the property of Hon. ALEX. BARROW, of St. Francisville, La., who will stint her to Imp. Glencoe this season. This colt, which is said greatly to resemble its sire, is the 17th nomination in the Peyton Stake, at Nashville.

JOHN LAMAR, Esq, of Macon, Ga., claims the name of *Coronella* for a bay filly by Imp. Coronet, out of Fenella, by Smith's Alfred, foaled on the 9th of April. [The filly is described as very bloodlike, possessing many of the fine points of both sire and dam; being desired to claim a suitable name for her, we give her the one above, which is original and not inappropriate, as it combines the name of her sire and dam, and will go some way in indicating her pedigree.]

C. ROBINSON, Esq., of Mobile, Ala., claims the name of "*L. E. L.*" for a yearling filly by Gaston, out of Oscarina, by Oscar.

Hortense.—A correspondent writes us from Alabama, that in our "Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838," we omitted giving credit to this fine mare of Mr. HENRY A. TAYLOE'S for winning a purse, at three mile heats, at Mobile, beating *Melzare* in 5:50—5:49. Hortense, 6 yrs. old this Spring, was got by Pacific, out of Bett Bossley, by Little Wonder. This is the first error that has been pointed out in the annual series of Tables, and we not only correct it with pleasure, but shall feel obliged if the reader will designate it should any other be discovered. We have thirteen good reasons for omitting the race, and the first is, that the Secretary did not send a report either to this paper or the "Turf Register;" secondly, neither the Mobile papers nor the owners of the horses took the trouble of reporting the race. Having given these two reasons, we presume there will be no necessity for our printing the other eleven.

Hon. BALIE PEYTON, of New Orleans, refused, a few weeks since, an offer from Nashville of $5000, cash, for *Black Maria* and her filly foal by Imp. Luzborough, which he has named *Great Western*. On the same day he received an offer for them from Mobile of $6000, which he declined.

Mr. RIVES' agent sold *Boston* last Friday week, after his 1st heat of four miles on Long Island, to Mr. JAMES LONG, of Washington City, for $12,500, who, we hope, will be more fortunate with him, when withdrawn from the turf, than he was with *Industry*, whose early and sudden death must have been a positive loss of $15,000. Boston will still remain in the stable of "the Napoleon," which has received a very great accession to its strength in Mr. J. C. STEVENS' *Fordham*. Boston is nominated in a sweepstakes, for all ages, four mile heats, $2000 each subscription, to come off this Fall at Norfolk, or Newmarket, in which *The Queen*, *Portsmouth*, *Omega*, *Willis*, *Job*, and *Steel*, are understood to be engaged. We shall be disappointed if within three weeks Boston does not challenge the world, to run four mile heats.

Gold Stake.—They have got up an immense stake at Lexington, Ky., of *Seventy* subscribers at $500 each, making $35,000! The forfeit is $100, distance two mile heats—to come off at the Fall Meeting of 1843. We shall allude to this matter again, and in the meantime congratulate the breeders of the West upon the spirit manifested by the friends of the good cause in Old Kentuck.

Boston's Race last week.—The "very promiscuous" omission by the printer of five words in the description of the race between Boston and Balie Peyton in last week's paper, makes nonsense of it. The sentence should read thus (the words in italics having been omitted):—

"*The Race*.—Balie Peyton went off in advance, under a strong pull, and carried on the running with a long rating stroke *for three miles and a half* to the foot of the hill, near the half mile post, where Gil. on Boston was directed to take the track," etc.

"*Great Produce Stake*."—The attention of breeders at the South and West is directed to an advertisement in another column under this head,—a produce stake to come off over the Louisiana Course at New Orleans, in the Fall of 1843. There are already five subscribers to it at $5000 each, and its projectors are in hopes of its rivalling the great Peyton Stake. The first nomination was made by Mr. Van Leer of the produce of Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS' Janette (Fordham's dam) and Eclipse. It is a high compliment to Mr. Stevens' stock that the circumstance of his having sent it a thousand miles from home should have prompted the opening of the two largest stakes ever got up in this country. The nominations in the rich stake referred to, as well as in the others, are to be addressed to HENRY A. TAYLOE, Esq., at Macon, Marengo Co., Alabama.

Col. BINGAMAN, of Natchez, Miss., has withdrawn the celebrated *Fanny Wright* from the turf, and sent her to Capt. Wm. J. MINOR'S fine imported 4 yr. old colt, *Doncaster*.

Col. WM. WYNN claims the name of *Old Dominion* for his 3 yr. old ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Isabella.

Mr. SAMUEL P. WEBSTER, of Vicksburgh, Miss. has sold to Mr. WM. R. CAMPBELL, of that city, his ch. f. *Medina*, by Medoc, out of Lady Rowland by Taylor's Hamiltonian, 3 yrs., for $3000.

WM. H. TAYLOE, Esq. of Mount Airy, Va., has been so unfortunate as to lose his nomination in the Produce Stake to be run over the Mulberry Course in 1841—a colt by Imp. Priam, out of Mischance. *Aurora*, belonging to the same gentleman, (the dam of Howa and Czarina,) dropped a bay colt foal on the 17th ult., with a star and left hind foot white, to Imp. Priam, for which the name of *Antrobus* is claimed.

Mr. THOS. ALDERSON, of Nashville, Tenn., claims the name of *Petworth* for a b. c. foaled this Spring by Imp. Philip, out of Lady Bass by Conqueror, marked with a star and snip, and near fore foot white.

Rory O'More is claimed for the name of a bay colt designed for the trotting turf, by Abdallah, out of Nelly Brown, owned by D. H. ELLIS, of Freehold, N. J.

Mr. DAVID MCDANIEL, of Raleigh, N. C., has purchased of JACOB COWAN, Esq., of N. J., his colt *Multicaulis*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Alpine by Henry, gr. d. Modesty, by Imp. Expedition, foaled this Spring.

LEWIS F. BINGAMAN, Esq., of Natchez, Miss., has purchased *Hard Heart* of D. McDaniel, Esq. of Raleigh, N. C., for $500. Hard Heart will return to his old quarters at Col. Bingaman's—the scene of his early triumphs; the old fellow must be 11 or 12 years old, and is celebrated as having run a mile in 1:45 at Natchez.

Maria Black.—We are pleased to learn from Alabama that this fine imported filly, whose running has conferred so much credit upon her importer, Mr. E. H. BOARDMAN, of Huntsville, as well as upon the imported stock generally, is in blooming health, promising to cut out work for the *fast* ones, the coming season, as she has previously done for the stout. She is at the head of Mr. HENRY A. TAYLOE'S racing stable, *Hortense* having been sent to Imp. Leviathan; *Zelina*, we believe, is withdrawn from the Turf, but we have not understood to what horse Mr. T. has sent her, though we fancy we could make a shrewd "guess."

A Trotting Match in wagons came off over the Beacon Course on Tuesday last, for $200 aside, Mile heats, between Mr. J. Perrin's b. g. *Replevin*, and Mr. N. T. Weeks' ro. g. *Sam Weller*. Replevin won in two heats; time, 3:04—3:07. The wagons weighed 400lbs. each, exclusive of the driver. A great number of spectators were in attendance.

MR. BALIE PEYTON'S BLOOD STOCK.

We invite attention to an advertisement in another column of Mr. Peyton's stock, and for the information of gentlemen desirous of strengthening their stables, we introduce the following letter to Mr. P. at New Orleans, from the Rev. H. M. CRYER, of Gallatin, Tenn.

"*Hector* is to be a warrior king; he is large and likely. *Bernice* has an Anvil that would be the admiration of all that look for strength and size combined; she is a dark brown, with one white hinder foot; she is stinted to Marshall Ney. *Anna Maria* has a neat ch. colt by Rattler, rather under size; and the Eclipse mare *Columbia* has not yet produced, but is getting quite heavy. But now for the ('what shall I call it!') the file leader in the great affair of $150,000. *Black Maria* has produced a Luzborough filly, dark bay, or brown color, no white except about one-third of *the left hinder foot*. She is large, *very strong*, standing on hard looking, finely tapered legs, and if I were a sportsman I would think with such entries as your two, and good keeping, that I should *need a large pocket* to hold the stakes they would win! The filly looks very like *percussion-locks*, and *double-triggers*; she is the only filly for which with the owners I would *halve* my filly, Florine, that I have seen.

"Your yearlings and two year olds are all doing well; the mares are all in a good healthy state, and getting in fine order. I think the two Maryland mares have both stood to Philip—so also has Anna Maria. I hope Columbia has not yet taken, as she has not foaled. Black Maria has taken Leviathan, and seems cool. Maria Shepherd will go to Leviathan in a few days I think. But my favorite 'Ellen Tree' is no more. How unfortunate I am! She died in foaling, lost both mare and colt—*an irreparable loss!* But I had rather it had been mine, than either Black Maria or Maria Shepherd, seeing you are so deeply involved with their produce. Very respectfully, yours, H. M. CRYER.

ENGRAVING OF JOHN BASCOMBE.

Our subscribers are informed that Mr. DICK has completed his Engraving on Steel of *John Bascombe*, and that it is now in the hands of the printer. As soon as the requisite number of impressions are struck off, they will be sent by the earliest mails to our *Country* Subscribers, accompanied with the pedigree and performances of the Alabama phenomenon. The likeness is acknowledged to be a very faithful and striking one, and the Engraving is one of the most beautiful and highly finished that the burin of Dick has ever turned out.

A Portrait of *Wagner*, painted in New Orleans, by TROYE, and one of *Monarch*, painted in South Carolina, by DEVEAUX, for Col. HAMPTON, expressly for this paper, are on their way to this city, to be engraved in the most expensive and superb style. The most eminent artists in town are now engaged on Portraits of Imported *Leviathan* and *Shark*, from paintings by Troye, the first having been painted for JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Alabama, and the latter for Capt. STOCKTON, of New Jersey. The series will form a SPORTING GALLERY, worth of itself more than the price of subscription to the "Spirit of the Times." Not one of the series will cost us as little as FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, while three of them will cost nearly double that sum.

We are stirred up with a mighty long pole by the expense of all these "*fixins*"—a circumstance which we trust our subscribers will bear in mind; and from the fact that our *City* subscribers have not been called on to "fork out" for six months or more, we expect every mother's son of them will do their duty, and *down with their dust*. Those "perfect gentlemen" who flare up with what makes the mare go, upon the first application, may fairly expect to live ten years beyond the date of their natural lives, while those dropping their tin in advance, are certain to be immortalized in this life, beside standing a smart chance for it in the next, "and no questions asked!"

SWEEPSTAKES AT NASHVILLE, TENN.

By the annexed letter from our well known correspondent, "D.," it will be seen that two very fine stakes have recently been opened at Nashville. They are intended, "D." says, to "remove the objections made to the conditions of the '*Hampton Stake*,'" and yet, neither the subscription nor the forfeit in either is similar to the one originally proposed, which would have been thus designated. What the objection is to a stake *precisely like the one originally proposed*, and which would meet the wishes of the breeders in the Atlantic States, and not less those of the West generally and of the South, is a profound mystery to us and the gentlemen with whom we have conversed on the subject. There are already, a dozen fine Northern mares within a hundred miles of Nashville, whose produce would beyond doubt, be nominated in a stake which was intended to meet the wishes of the breeders of the Middle and Northern States; the produce of a great number, too, owned in Virginia, the two Carolinas, Georgia, and Kentucky, would also be nominated, if the gentlemen of those States were met in the same spirit with which the original proposition was made. We heartily regret the turn matters appear to have taken; the stake to which, out of courtesy to the breeders of the Middle States, was given the name of one of the most eminent, has probably fallen through, not a single subscription having been received to it since the day it was announced. It may not be too late even at this period, to place the thing on a proper footing, and that, too, without interfering with any other stake. It certainly will give the Secretary of the Nashville Club no great trouble to announce that such a stake as the one originally proposed, has been opened; if he will do so, and get ten subscribers, we will get as many more—if we can—and charge him nothing for the ninety-and-nine paragraphs we have written in behalf of *his* stakes. The Nashville Jockey Club owes us many a good turn, which it can reciprocate in no better way than by "turning in" and making up "*a Bully Stake*," as Kurnel Whetstone would term it, after this wise:—

THE HAMPTON STAKE.

We, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1840, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., during the Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club in 1843, in the same week with the Peyton Stake. Subscription $2000 each, forfeit $500. Two mile heats. The rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race; Stake to close on the 1st of January, 1840.

Precisely such a stake as that above given, will command more nominations than any other that can be opened. The produce of all the mares named in the Peyton Stake, would probably be nominated at once, and we make no doubt one hundred subscribers may be obtained. "It will enable those who have only one nomination in the large stake to accompany it with a junior partner to run for the smaller one." Besides, an engagement in Tennessee forbids the use of a colt in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia; "he must be twelve months at least, over the mountains, before he becomes accustomed to the change of water, climate," &c.

A correspondent, in relation to these stakes, writes us to the following effect:—

"I have no doubt that in my visit to England this summer, I shall get several subscribers to each, and it would not surprise me, if we have not only English horses and jockies and trainers amongst us, but the gentlemen of the turf; and I promise my best efforts to bring this about."

That our correspondent will use his best endeavors to effect "a consummation so devoutly to be wished" we have no doubt, and we trust they will not be wanting in support of the stake, a programme of which, we have given above, and we hereby offer to stake a bottle of wine with him on each nomination, that if THE HAMPTON STAKE is properly opened, it will receive more subscribers than both the others.

But we are keeping our friend "D." waiting with *his* new stakes. Here is his letter:—

HILLSBORO', N. C., 1st June, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Annexed you have two sweepstakes that I wish you to notice in the "Spirit." They are left in the hands of L. P. CHEATHAM, Esq., the President of the new Nashville Jockey Club.

At the late meeting to organise the new Club, the Secretary announced that some new stakes had been started in Alabama, to come off on that course (Nashville), the day before and the day after the Peyton Stakes, and proposed to defer entering into stakes at the time, until the subscriptions alluded to should come to hand. Shortly after these papers were shewn to some gentlemen, who did not approve the terms, and absolutely refused to sign them, when the following were drawn up, four entries immediately received, and on my return home I have the assurance of four more; and I have no question we shall get from 30 to 40 to each of them.

A Sweepstake for colts and fillies then 3 years old, two mile heats, $1000 entrance, forfeit $250; to come off on the Nashville Turf, on the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1843, being the day previous to the great Peyton Stakes. Ten or more to make a race; to close and name the first day of January, 1840; rules of the Turf.

Also—

A Sweepstake for colts and fillies then 4 years old, three mile heats, $2000 entrance, forfeit $250, to come off on the Nashville Turf, the day after the great Peyton Stake Fall Meeting of 1843. Ten or more to make a race; to close and name the first day of Jan., 1840; under the rules of the Nashville Club.

You will observe both these stakes have low forfeits; this is to induce one gentleman to make several entries, and if a man's colt is inferior, a small forfeit should let him off.

I regret that some novel conditions were annexed to the stakes sent from Alabama, such as four gentlemen to whom I saw them presented refused to sign, and at their request these stakes were drawn up, and left with the President of the Club, as it might have created some confusion if placed in the hands of the Secretary, and that gentleman may have had some difficulty in placing the names to the right paper.

I beg you to place these stakes in some conspicuous part of your paper, and request those wishing to subscribe, to address L. P. Cheatham, Esq., Nashville.

These stakes remove the objections made to the Hampton Stake, and if you desire it, one of them may, with you as sponsor, take that name.

I have gotten nine nominations to each at this time, and I have the expectation that neither of them will close with fewer subscribers than the Peyton Stake.

There is a hope we shall get two, if not more, nominations from England. This will be an era in the Sporting World, to see John Bull disputing the honors of the Turf in the far West.

All those gentlemen having nominations in the Peyton Stake will subscribe to these, as a stable of three or four will not give them more trouble, and afford the chance to pay expenses, if they lose the Peyton Stake; and many gentlemen who did not name in time may now do so in these, and if they are fortunate, they will earn laurels as green as those which shall adorn the winner of the Peyton Stake. Yours, D.

INTERCEPTED LETTER TO KURNEL PETE WHETSTONE,

FROM MR. HATEFUL W. PARKINS

CITY OF YORK, June 8, 18thirty-nine.

There you go with your eye out! says Fordham to Job, tother day, when the patient critter slip'd by. I know it, said Job, but Fordham marked "N. G."—*no go*. Squire, you aint married—at least I thunk so, but you have gin things to children fore now and seen 'um pesky tickled; just so 'twas with me tother day when I got longside them horse's with sich springy legs. Gosh! says I, if I ain't on a Race Course, and a goin' to see a race! What in the name of natur would Dad think if he knew! He is the fondest kind of critter, speaking of horses, that ever you did see. Well, I kept puttin' my hands in my pockets, lookin' at a green ribbin a feller gin me,—not *so very green*, nither. I tuk out a few skins, near to about a cool Five or so, and lookin' round considerable, clap'd my eye on tu or three nice lookin' folks, and says I, "there's my customer." Says I to a nice cool white-headed gentleman, "you don't bet, du you?" "Sometimes," says he. Then he asked me if I did? "Well," says I, "I guess *I du*," and to show you how darned spunky I was, I forked a quarter out. Says I, "kiver that, and if Job don't keep ahead longest, I'll give it up!" He said he did'nt bet quite so heavy—had nothin' agin puttin' down a fip tho'; but he was polite, and I turned round to see another who was kounten out. Says I, "how d'ye du?" "Well enough for Pete, any how," says he, "and if you want a small bet, I'll shock you." "Good," says I, and I flap'd my quarter down right on the grass. "There," says I, "go on the top of that jest another sich!" He larfed, and slipping *a thousand* under my nose, sung out, "hollo, stranger! what culler are you?" "White," says I. "Green," says he. It struck me. "Will you drink?" "Yes, and go the thousand?" says he. "Not *quite so green*," says I. He larfed, and the way I liked that Kurnel warn't lazy.

Well, I kept goin' round lookin' at the nice lookin' gals, and tryin' to count the folks; 'twas plagy trublesum, though, hearin' the music, eatin' cake, and all them sort of things, till somebody blowed a horn, and then the horses got as frisky as the old Nick. By and by they got away from those fellers that holds their heads, and the way they streaked it, was a sin to wooden shoes. Golly! how they did chase one another round and round, but my friend Job was so patient, the other creturs had to give in. I was pesky cross, cause nobody would bet. At last I tried to get *a quarter* changed, but nobody had enuf, so I had to give up winnin' anything. I was sorry, for I promised Sue ten cents' worth, when I got home, and it was a clear loss, right out; but I had a

darn nice time. Long Island suits my eye to a hair, and I should like to go down there some time, and have a race to last all day; then you could have a good chance to see the horses goin'. Won't you do somethin' one of these days to get it up? Soon as I get time I'll rite you agin.

Yours, HATEFUL W. PARKINS.

LETTER FROM A LOUISIANA TURFMAN.

ST. FRANCISVILLE, May 25, 1839.

In looking over your paper of the 29th of April, which I saw for the first time yesterday, I observed a letter, dated March the 20th, 1839, which you say was written by "one of the most distinguished citizens of Louisiana;" which letter contains some errors in point of fact, which I feel it my duty to correct. I allude to what are called the "*great legal questions*," which it is said were decided by the Judges at the last Spring meeting at the Metarie Course. Your distinguished correspondent (he is truly and justly so) says that the Judges decided that where a bet is made on time, and there is a dead heat, that no notice is taken of the time in which the heat was run, and that, consequently, the bet is void. And he further states, that the Judges decided that, in case of a dead heat, no horse is distanced, although one or more may be behind the distance stand.

Now, I am at a loss to conjecture what grounds the gentleman had to believe that such decisions were made by the Judges of the Metarie Course at the last Spring races. I am sure he thought the Judges had so decided, or he would have been the last man so to have stated in his letter. I speak thus confidently about the gentleman, because I am at no loss to identify him, from your introductory remarks, and the tenor of his own letter. I know he is incapable of making any mis-statement, knowingly, about any matter; and although he has all the fancy which distinguishes the favored sons of the Emerald Isle, I am confident he never deals in fiction when he professes to treat of facts.

We had two cases of dead heats at the Spring meeting at the Metarie track. The first was in the two mile race, where *Roderick Dhu* and *The Jewess* made a dead heat; the other was on the three mile day, and the dead heat was made by *Josh Bell* and *Lubber*. The first of these races I judged; the second I declined judging, because I knew the impression prevailed in the crowd that I was the owner of Josh, which was not the fact.

The day that the dead heat was run by Roderick and The Jewess, the point was made to the Judges whether a bet was won or lost which had been made on time, the heat having been run within the time, and the Judges decided that the bet was won; and one of the parties to the bet having persisted in the expression of an opinion contrary to that made by the Judges, I offered to bet $1000 that the decision was correct, which was not taken.

I have entered into these details to prove to you that the subject is yet fresh in my recollection. Whether the Judges decided right, I do not know, but their decision on the day referred to was exactly the reverse of the opinion said to have been given by your correspondent. The second case of a dead heat, made by Josh Bell and Lubber, gave rise to the discussion of the same question about bets upon time; but I am very confident that no point was made before the Judges; and if there was, that the Judges formed their opinion in accordance with the decision in the first case. I have not time to lay before you the reasons which operated upon my mind in coming to the decision I did, for we have no express rule upon the subject; but the decision itself squared so exactly with the opinions of the intelligent crowd, that I did not hear three men express any dissent, much less dissatisfaction, with the judgment.

As to the other *legal* point said to have been settled, I never heard of its having been even mooted, as the *lex scripta* is explicit, and upon that point declaring that no horse distanced in a dead heat shall start again. In fact, our law goes a degree beyond that, and declares that where a dead heat is made, if the race would have been terminated by either the horses making the dead heat winning that heat, then no other horse shall start the next heat. This is not the letter, but the substance of the rule. I have no copy of the rules of the Metarie Jockey Club, or I would give you the rule verbatim et literatim. I expect that nowhere else are there so many new, and frequently obscure points made for the decision of the Judges of races as at New Orleans, which I attribute principally to two causes: first, that racing is a new thing among our people, and of course they cannot be very familiar with the usages and laws which govern racing. But the second is the main cause of the many difficulties which arise after every important race, where more than two horses start, which is, that all the blacklegs from the valley of the Mississippi, with now and then an adventurer from the North, congregate in New Orleans during the racing season, and being gentlemen of *fancy*, they make bets in every variety of form, depending upon heats, time, distances, &c. &c., and as they are great lovers of *justice* and *law*, they will seldom pay over money until the Judges pronounce the law in the case. They are becoming so numerous, and throng our race courses in such squads, that I am apprehensive we will have to exclude them altogether from the track, or abandon it to their exclusive use.

I have spun out this scrawl to a length that surprises myself, considering that the thermometer now stands at 88 in the shade. I will close by adding, with sentiments of esteem, my best wishes for your success in your new experiment with the "Spirit," and remain, Yours, &c., A. B.

LETTER FROM "THE CAPTAIN."

FORT No. 2, EAST FLORIDA, May 18, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—Since I left Fort Gibson (7th Feb.), I have not seen a "Spirit," and therefore do not know whether two communications I addressed to you have been published. Why my numbers of your paper have not reached me, I cannot imagine, as I requested you to forward them to Tampa Bay. From New Orleans I transmitted my subscription for the "Turf Register," not knowing that you had become its new editor, and have received the double No. for Jan. and Feb.; but where are those for the next two months? I am so minute about these numbers of the paper and magazine, as I am here without a companion (there being no other officer at the post), and of course hail the arrival of everything readable. How welcome, then, must my sporting papers be! Not a book to read, except the "Army Regulations," which I know by rote, and bible, which is not to my taste, and is in constant use by its owner, a soldier of my company.—[The paper and magazine were ordered to be sent to Fort King—then to Tampa Bay, etc., and have been regularly mailed. We are inclined to think some one takes them from the post office, as another subscriber in Florida writes us that he has missed but a single paper in twelve months.]

Perhaps you are not aware that the country between the Georgia line and the Withlacooche has been divided into squares of 20 miles, each of which is occupied by a company, which is to scout or patrole its district daily, to ferret out the red skins, and prevent their passing to attack the settlements. These fellows make nice distinctions, for they do not attack the regulars, but prefer the volunteers and settlers as objects upon whom to wreak their vengeance, or to display their valor. Recently, in this vicinity, a party of six regulars passed a certain hammock with impunity; but a party of five volunteers were fired upon from it ten minutes afterwards, and one killed. This scouting for Indians in a hammock is like looking for needles in a hay-stack—you do not *see them*, but discover them by their *pricking you*. As my location is within six miles of the Indian boundary-line, I determined to extract good from evil; and when I have come to large hammocks worth the notice, I have looked for the Surveyor's lines as I passed through them, and intend to enter some very valuable lands thus discovered. So I shall become a landed proprietor—an owner of "dirty acres"—a lord of the soil—and, of course, shall look with disdain upon a mere cockney like you. Then if we can *only* emigrate the enemy, I may turn "the sword into the ploughshare," as sundry worthier men have done, and—raise blood stock. Then Messrs. Hampton, Boardman, Jackson, Bingaman, Minor, and my friend "N. of Arkansas," shall turn pale with fear at *such* a rival on the Turf. For the present I must content myself with "vain imaginings."

By a Richmond paper I have learnt that Portsmouth beat Boston, but have not heard the result of the latter's match with The Queen—but presume the same, although he is the best race horse *I* ever saw run.

Yours, CAPTAIN.

SUGGESTION FOR ANNUAL STATE SWEEPSTAKES.

NATCHEZ, Miss., May 24th, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—I am pleased to see the great interest the *Peyton Stakes* is producing. I fear, however, it will have a bad effect on racing generally. First, because the subscription is too much; Second, there is too great disparity between the subscription and the forfeit, the first being five times as much as the last; hence the number that will come to the post will be very small in proportion to the number of subscribers—I should not be surprised to see it a match. Thirdly, from the great value of the stake, no one who has a promising nomination will enter it in any other stake, until he tries it, (and a severe trial it will be). If the trial of a 3 year old pleases, it will be laid up in lavender, as a good chance for the great "Peyton" stake. Hence all the nominations that are good for any thing will be tied up until this race is over, and will be lost to the Turf: and you must recollect that this stake is not to come off until the fall after the nominations are 4 years old; this is the fourth objection,—keeping the nags from the Turf until they are nearly 5 years old.

Now, Sir, allow me to suggest the following plan for a number of *annual* sweepstakes throughout the Union. Let there be offered a stake in each State, in the Union—Two Mile heats, Sub. $1000, ft. $600—or Sub. $500, ft. $300, the forfeit to be $200 in the larger stake, and $100 in the smaller, if declared on or before the 1st of May previous to the race, and paid to the Secretary. The nominations to be made on the 1st of May in each year, and the stake to come off the fall after they are 3 years old. The stake to be called after the state in which it is run, and to be run over the course where the greatest inducement is offered by the Proprietor. These stakes might be spring and fall.

Let the thing be commenced by naming for next fall or spring, colts and fillies that were 3 yrs. old May 1st, 1839, and for 1840 those that were 2 yrs. old May 1st, 1839, and for 1841 those that were yearlings May 1st, 1839. The first of May being past let the stakes for the above mentioned years close on the first of September next. Hereafter the nominations to be made on the first of May in each year, the colts and fillies being then yearlings, and of course untried, they will be upon a footing. Below you will find the heading of the *Mississippi* stake which you will please publish if you approve the plan.

Respectfully, A YOUNG TURFMAN.

The Mississippi Annual Stake,

To be run over the *Pharsalia Course*, near Natchez, on the first Tuesday in March in each year, agreeably to the rules of the Natchez Jockey Club; five or more to make a race. Sub. $500 each, $300 ft., and only $100 if declared and paid to the Secretary on or before the 1st of December previous to the race. To name and close on the 1st of September in each year. Nominations postmarked on the 1st Sept., and directed, post-paid, to the Secratary, W. J. Minor, will be good. Two mile heats; colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.

Nominations for 1839—now 3 yrs. old:—
A. L. Bingaman. W. J. Minor.
Nominations for 1840—now 2 yrs. old:—
W. J. Minor. A. L. Bingaman.
Nominations for 1841—now yearlings:—
W. J. Minor. A. L. Bingaman.

Nominations for this stake in 1842 will be made on the 1st May, 1840, on which day the stake will close.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

NOTES BY THE WAY. No. 1.

LOUISVILLE, June 6, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Some one will furnish you, doubtless, with an *official* report of the contest over the *Oakland Course*, but as I am now in my room (after encountering the rays of a hot sun for four days) with all the "appliances" for a letter at hand, you may as well allow me to drop a few lines to the readers of the "Spirit." I shall be as brief as I know editors like their correspondents to be, unless they write more intelligibly than I shall promise to do. Being a "looker on"—a kind of unconcerned spectator, so far as the fame of stallions is concerned—I shall say nothing of the relative merits of Medoc or Woodpecker, much less of the Native or Imported stock. The different sorts are all doing well in Kentucky—stand at high prices, and are in just as much demand as they ought to be, considering the interests of the *breeder*. The experience of the past teaches a very valuable lesson on this head; and, therefore, I shall dismiss the subject.

The concourse of strangers here is immense—the sport, so far, very exciting—the array of horses formidable, and the *time* "not to be grinned at" by your Northern and Southern Napoleons. Indeed, the *go-aheadedness* of Kentucky no one ever doubted, whether in war, hospitality, or in the noble sports of the Turf; but the present Spring meetings, on all her courses, have been signalised by real improvements, and she may now be considered, in the race horse line, as a pretty "tall" State. Col. OLIVER is doing wonders to help along, and you know it is hard to head him when he takes a notion to outshine the balance of the world. The Oakland establishment is as perfect as it seems possible to make it, the whole machinery being conducted on the most liberal scale. Many of your valuable hints to race course proprietors have been practised upon by Col. Oliver, and he seems to have imbibed a goodly portion of your "Spirit," besides bringing into requisition the genuine essence of his own. He is emphatically, as they say in Arkansas, (I ask Pete's pardon,) the "supreme alligator" of everything that savors of the *advance*. If yourself and Oliver don't make folks open their eyes in this neck of woods (as we say in the Hoosier State), it will be because they have none to open.

On Tuesday last the ball was opened here by a sweepstake, mile heats, with eight entries, $500 each, $100 ft. Four only came to the scratch. The entry of WM. BUFORD, Jr., (*Jas. F. Robinson*,) a Medoc colt, was largely the favorite before starting, and he was freely backed against the field. In all his trials, public and private, he gave great promise, and I feel sure his owners had a right to expect much from him. There were other nags of the same speed, however, in the race, and the sequel proved that horses, like men, would sometimes disappoint their friends, and that the "prosecution of the war does not always come quite up to the high-sounding phrase of the manifesto." The other entries were by W. W. Bacon, Wm. T. Ward, and Col. Wm. Buford, and consisted of a Waxy colt and two Medoc fillies. *Minstrel*, of the last three, was the favorite, and was chiefly relied on to "do up" the champion of the field. In this the bettors were not disappointed. At the tap of the drum she took the track with a bold stride, under a hard pull, chased by her gallant competitors. Brush after brush was made by every nag that could reach her, but all in vain, and she continued to shew them as clean a pair of heels as were ever put in motion at the Oakland. Col. Buford's entry (also by Medoc) was well up throughout, and made some folks think, now and then, that she might "come it." It wouldn't do, however—none of them had *music* like the Minstrel, and she passed the stand two lengths a head, in 1:48½.

The second heat was a repetition of the first, all the nags bearing the same position. This was a very fast heat, won by Minstrel in the most gallant style, and nobly contended by every nag in the race. Time, 1:48! Now, friend Porter, what think you of *that*? And what think you if it is stated that she might have brought it *three* seconds lower into the forties? I heard a very *modest* "knowing one" (and they are scarce) say that he would back that opinion to the "size of his pile," and they do say it aint a very small one. I am myself incredulous, but Minstrel is certainly able to do better than she was called on to do in this race. The writer held a first-rate timer, in a favorable position, and is certain that it is correctly reported. Don't say a word about the shortness of "Kentucky tracks," the "slowness of Kentucky watches," &c, for just as sure as you are the prince of editors, is Minstrel the princess of horse-flesh in these parts. She is a glorious looking nag, a fine bay, 15½ hands high, with a *star* as brilliant as the lone but honored one of San Jacinto! If no accidents befal her, she is destined to cut a "considerable figure" in the sporting annals of the country. Her game no one doubts at all. WM. SCOTT BUFORD, Esq., is her owner, a gentleman who brought several "good ones" to the Turf this Spring, and she promises, in his hands, to be a valuable card. Two stakes (at Louisville and Lexington), amounting to nearly $4000, are the first fruits of her early promise. She was trained by Mr. ROBERT S. WOODING, whose merits are highly appreciated in Kentucky. He *brings out* the racing qualities of his nags, if at all *comeatable*, and never fails to improve where improvement is practicable. Wooding will become a favorite here.

The two mile race was won (June 5,) by *Ralph*, the entry of Captain Viley, a splendid Woodpecker colt, 4 years old. He decided it at two heats—Time, 3:51, 3:45! Pretty rapid running this! Track good. He was the favorite before starting, and maintained a first position from end to end. "The field" dropped thousands by the way-side.

To-day (June 6,) was a crowding day with the "Three Milers," and every one appeared to be at fault. Capt. Viley's ch. c. by Frank, the winner of the two mile day at Lexington, in 3:49, was largely the favorite, but was beaten handily by every entry except *Kanawha*, a nag drawn after the second heat. *Red Head*, by Woodpecker, took the second and third, the second named nag winning the first, after a severe struggle. I have no time to add anything farther, as I shall have a tight squeeze to get this into the mail to-night.

ONE DAY LATER.—June 7, 1839.

I found, when too late, that Mr. Kendall's fast mail was no respecter of persons, and concluded to keep this open to give you the result of the four mile race which came off to-day. Thousands were at the Oakland, and the race was a very exciting one. It was won by W. SCOTT BUFORD'S *Musedora*, 4 years old, by Medoc, at two heats, and in better time than has ever been made over a Kentucky field. First—7:50—Second, 7:55. Tarlton was the favorite, but was distanced and broken down. Mr. FENWICK'S *Mercer*, by Woodpecker, contended manfully for the last heat, but was unable to snatch the laurels from the victorious Medoc. This race places Medoc high as the getter of four-milers, and must silence the sneers of those who have "felt or feigned" doubts on the subject. I have time to add no more. Yours, &c., T. D.

Note by the Editor.—"T. D." has our grateful acknowledgments for his courtesy, which has put our readers in possession of the result of the Four mile race just a week sooner than they could otherwise have received it. The official report will appear in our next. For the information of our readers we add the placing, etc. of the races, as far as the particulars have been received:—

Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky.

TUESDAY, June 4, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eight subs. at $500 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's b. f. *Minstrel*, by Medoc, dam by Buford's Alexander	1	1
Col. Wm. Buford's ch. f.* by Medoc, out of Ann Merry by Sumpter	2	2
W. T. Ward's ch. c. by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian	4	3
Wm. Buford, Jr.'s ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Potomac	3	4

Time, 1:48½—1:48. * Col. Buford's filly carried 3lbs. over weight.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Breeders Plate, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds that never won a race at Mile heats; no subscription required, but nominations failing to start to pay $20, which is to be added to the plate; weights as before. Six subscribers. Mile heats.

James Shy's ch. c. by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter	1	1
A. Hicks' gr. c. by Imp. Sarpedon	4	2
W. T. Ward's br. c. by Waxy, dam by Sir Hal	2	3
B. Maloney's ch. f. *Martha Jones*, by Medoc, dam by Rattler	3	dist.
Fred. Kerr's b. f. *Mary Booker*, by Mercury, dam by Sir Archy	dist.	
M. Thompson's b. c. *Bob Ward*, by Columbus, dam by Scott	dist.	

Time, 1:52—1:52.

WEDNESDAY, June 5—The *Oakland Plate*, a handsome silver Tea Service, value $500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Five subs. at $—— each. Two mile heats.

W. Viley's (R. Mosby's) b. c. *Ralph*, by Woodpecker, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	1	1
W. W. Bacon's b. f. *Mary Morris*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs	4	2
W. T. Ward's b. c. by Waxy, dam by Bucknor's Leviathan, 4 yrs	3	3
Thos. M. Kennedy's b. f. *Mary Burnham*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 3:51—3:45.

The Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, Mile heats, was not run for.

THURSDAY, June 6—Purse $500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

S. Burbridge's (L. Herndon's) b. h. *Red Head*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 5 yrs	4	1	1
G. W. Tarlton's ch. c. by Collier, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs	2	5	2
John A. Holden's br. c. by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs	5	2	3
W. Viley's (R. Mosby's) ch. c. *Guy of Warwick*, by Frank, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	3	4	4
W. W. Bacon's (John Lewis') ch. c. *Kanawha*, by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.	1	3	dist.

Time, 5:58—5:54½—6:02.

FRIDAY, June 7—Purse $1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs	1	
S. Burbridge's b. h. *Tarlton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Grey, 5 yrs	*	
James Shy's ch. h. *Kavanagh*, by Bertrand, dam by Director, 5 yrs	*	*
W. Viley's (R. Mosby's) ch. c. *Mercer*, by Woodpecker, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	*	*
Dr. L. Sanders' b. c. *Ben Dudley*, by Bertrand, out of Lady Gray by Robin Grey, 4 y.	*	*

Time, 7:50—7:55.

GALLATIN (Tenn.) SPRING RACES.

The races at Gallatin (Tenn.) commenced on the 21st May, and continued four days.

TUESDAY, May 21, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. $150 each. Mile heats.

Col. J. C. Guild's ch. c. *John Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine by Tennessee Oscar	3	1	1
C. Lewis' ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet	1	2	2
A. P. Yourie's ch. h. *Wallace*, by Crusader, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs., was allowed to enter, carrying by agreement 97lbs	2	3	dist.

Time, 1:51½—1:53½—1:56.

WEDNESDAY, May 22—Jockey Club Purse $150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

G. B. Williams' ch. f. *Fleta*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, 4 yrs	1	1
Mr. Simpson's bl. c. by Waxy, dam by Top Gallant, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 3:52½—3:58.

THURSDAY, May 23—Jockey Club Purse $100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Col. G. Elliott's gr. c. *Boyd McNairy*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 4 yrs	1	1
Mr. Simpson's b. h. by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 5 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 1:53—1:51. Won easy.

FRIDAY, May 24—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. $100 each. Mile heats.

Col. J. C. Guild's b. f. *Caroline Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard, out of the dam of Betsey Malone	1	1	
C. Lewis' b. c. *James House*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, g. dam by Wilkes' Wonder	2	2	
A. P. Yourie's ch. f. by Washington, Jr., out of the dam of Mary Farmer	pd. ft.		

Time, 1:55—1:49.

This last race was won by only two feet each heat; the colt was evidently out of order, and would not exert himself until he got warm from running the first heat. He is a splendid mahogany bay, and if hereafter he is marked 1 1 at all distances, you need not be surprised. The filly shows plainly the traits of her aunt (Betsey Malone); such as the Irishman wanted his race-horse to possess, a "*plenty of speed*, and a *great deal of bottom*." She lets out the *links* only as they are severely checked for by *catgut* and *steel*, but they seem to be inexhaustible. THOMAS BARRY, *Sec'y*.

CYNTHIANA (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

A slip from the office of "The Visiter" gives us the result of two day's racing, and the entries for the third, which we annex:—

WEDNESDAY, May 29, 1839—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100 5, 110 6, 118—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

John E. Roper's (J. W. M'Intosh's) b. h. *Anvil*, by Imp. Contract, d. by Eclipse, aged	1	1
Reason Jordan's ro. g. *Blue Ruin*, by Mucklejohn, dam by King Herod, 5 yrs	2	2
James E. Hutchinson's b. h. *Austin*, by Buck Elk, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 4:08—4:11. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, May 30—Purse $50, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Reason Jordan's b. h. by Brunswick, dam unknown, 5 yrs	1	1
William Palmer's b. m. *Vanity*, by Traveller, dam unknown, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:58 - 2:04.

On Friday, May 31, for a purse of $100, conditions as before, Two mile heats, were the following entries:—

Reason Jordan's ro. g. *Blue Ruin*, pedigree above.
G. Coffin's (V. Coilin's) b. h by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 5 yrs.
Capt. R. Burbridge's *Jim Crow*, by Cherokee, dam by Sir William of Transport, 4 yrs.
Jas. J. Allen's b. c. *Robert Bruce*, by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.

The Judges were Col. ALEX. GIVENS, WM B. GLAVE, and JOSEPH SHAWHAN, Sen., Esqrs. Distance Judges, Messrs. Daniel Musser, and Abraham Keller.

AGE OF MR. WINSTON'S OTHELLO.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., May 21, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—Mr. Dickinson, the Proprietor of the Marion Course in Cole County, Missouri, gave you an incorrect statement of the race run on that track last Fall, on the 4th of October, between Mr. H. Dixon's ch. f. *Mary Van Love* by Van Buren, and my ch. c. *Othello* by Waxy, dam by Hickory. He represented my colt Othello, as being a 3 year old when he was only 2. Mr. Dixon's filly, Mary Van Love, was 3 years old. The time 1:57 was correct.

You will much oblige me by giving this statement a place in your next two or three numbers, as I may have some difficulty in entering him as a 3 year old next Fall. Yours, respectfully, THOS. M. WINSTON.

THE NATIONAL TURF CONVENTION.

The proposal for a NATIONAL CONVENTION OF TURFMEN derives increased importance from the fact, that we have no common place of meeting, where horses, or a chosen few from each quarter of our extended confederacy, can meet upon equal terms, and have a fair contest for superiority. Virginia and North Carolina have long claimed the ascendancy, and though they have occasionally met with a formidable competitor North of the Potomac, yet a glance at the Calendar for a series of years, will abundantly establish their pretensions. The West and South West have of late made rapid advances, and it may well be questioned if they cannot at this day successfully compete with the ancient dominion. They appear to be animated with an enthusiastic zeal for the advancement of the Turf, and through the liberality of the citizens of New Orleans, the richest public purses ever known in this or any other country, are freely offered to the best horse, let him come whence he may. Hitherto these splendid prizes have been pretty equally divided among the competitors from different parts of the country in proportion to numbers; but as that point is more accessible to the South Western States than to Virginia or New York, these last have been but partially represented there. Therefore the contests at those places are not productive of such decisive results, as will enable the enquirer to form correct conclusions as to the improvement of the Turf in general, or to estimate the comparative merits of the different and very dissimilar strains of horses in our country.

In the present state of the Turf, a large majority of horses only meet those of a similar and nearly the same local origin as themselves. They for the most part are trained and run within a limited circuit, and but seldom opportunities present of measuring lengths with those of a different part of the country. At an early period this was peculiarly the case with England, though comparatively of a small territorial extent. North of England horses only occasionally came in contact with the Newmarket, or South of England horses, and the style of running being entirely dissimilar, fierce controversies arose on the question of superiority. Most of the races were of heats, except at Newmarket, where they never ran heats to any extent, owing perhaps in part to the formation of the course or courses of different lengths, laid out over the B.C. which starts four miles from the end, and is nearly straight. This spot has for more than 100 years been the metropolis of the English Turf, and although now-a-days, not more than one or two races are annually run over the whole extent of the B.C., yet a vast deal of running is done on parts of that course, from 1200 yards to three miles in length, and designated by posts at the different starting places. At an early period, the largest portion of the running in England was *matches* over the B. C., and these were often for a very large amount. By degrees sweepstakes came to be introduced, and as they never ran heats, one man might start as many horses as he pleased. Hence the origin of that practice. These sweepstakes soon became fashionable—were the leading features of every meeting, and frequently for large sums. The largest stake ever run for was a sweepstakes at Newmarket, Spring of 1777, being 56 entries of £100 each, P.P., over the Beacon Course, which was won by Earl Grosvenor's Gray Robbin, by Gimcrack, out of Snapdragon by Snap. This immense stake (about $28,000,) was won by a horse that never was before or since in any wise distinguished, either as a racer or stallion, beating the celebrated Pot-8-o's and other good sons of Eclipse, the get of Highflyer, &c. &c. About this period (1777) the great St. Leger at Doncaster was established as a permanent stake; commencing with six subs. at £25 each, P.P., two miles. The St. Leger increasing in favor, and the fields becoming numerous, for the safety and convenience of the start, a new and a better starting post was fixed, by which the distance was shortened some 300 yards, and one turn avoided. In 1832 the terms were altered to £50 entrance, half forfeit. Still the stake (which is run in Sept.) did not close until 1st January previous to the race. It is now again altered to 1st January, 12 months before the race. The great Doncaster St. Leger is unrivalled in the North of England for its importance, and the celebrity it confers on the winner. The course has a sharp hill about half a mile from the start, and one rather short turn near the Red House; the rest of the ground is a plain, and looks like a reclaimed bog; 3 yr. olds carry 118lbs, and the distance has often been run in 3:20, it being one of the few courses at which the time can be accurately ascertained. This great stake has with few exceptions (of late years) been won by what they term North Country horses; though only about 100 miles from Newmarket. The best of the South Country horses generally go for it.

Soon after (1779–80) the Derby and the Oaks (for fillies exclusively) were established as permanent stakes at Epsom, a few miles from London, and about 75 miles South of Newmarket. Originally the Derby was one mile, and that nearly all *down* hill, £50 each, half forfeit, and the entries were made in June when the colts were yearlings. No material alteration of this stake has been made, except its distance is increased to one mile and a half, the first half mile being all the way *up* hill. This race is never timed, but it requires a very speedy horse to win, and when we consider the nature of the ground, it will be evident that it is a good trial of *stoutness* and *power* also, for a 3 yr. old, with 119lbs., to go half a mile at the start up a steep hill, and yet have enough left in him to come home with such amazing speed as is always seen at the finish of that great event. These stakes have as often been appropriated by South Country horses, as the St. Leger has by North Country horses. One reason probably is, that it is not so convenient to go so far South, as to go from Newmarket to Doncaster. Again,—until lately the Newmarket people had all the advantage of 2 yr. old trials, before making their entries for the St. Leger, and consequently would only name their best; while for the Derby and Oaks you must go in blind, and the farther off, the greater is the reluctance to make engagements except with tried good ones. Consequently the entries for the Derby and Oaks were principally of South Country horses; whilst those of the St. Leger enumerated the very best of the Newmarket 2 yr. olds.

The deductions from this brief historical review are, 1st. The turf languished in its early stages, when its principal support was drawn from King's Plates, Cups, and other public contributions. 2d. Matches, for very heavy sums, were needed to impart that interest in the sports among the wealthy classes, which was indispensable to their prosperity. 3d. Sweepstakes, from their first introduction, superseded all other races in public favor, and since the establishment of certain permanent events, on fixed principles, the Turf has increased immensely in favor with all classes, and received an impulse which has elevated it to a state of unparalleled splendor, and what is of far greater importance, has produced a race of horses unsurpassed for excellence since the world began. And 4th. To infuse a wide-spread interest in sweepstakes, and to insure a numerous subscription, they should be fixed and permanent, the amount so small as to be accessible to every breeder and turfman, and the nominations be confined to yearlings.

The American Turf is now in very nearly the condition of the English before the establishment of the St Leger, the Derby, Oaks, &c., except that the public, contributing by Jockey Club Associations, are vastly more liberal, and judging from the spirit which animates all classes, it may reasonably be inferred that the establishment of such permanent stakes, would be attended with the same important results which we have seen effected in England. To obtain so desirable an end, so flattering in prospect to every friend of the blood horse and every supporter of the turf, no plan can be devised for commencing the experiment, for ensuring harmony, concert, and efficiency in its organization, as good as that of a National Convention of Turfmen. It is quite evident that the present condition of the Turf is in need of improvement, and reform of existing evils, and also of fresh impulse to promote its permanent prosperity. We have advanced thus far in our career without system or concert, or arrangement of conflicting interests, and by force of a general good feeling for the cause, have kept the Turf alive by temporary expedients; but all are sensible of existing evils and defects, and if they will seriously reflect on the present condition of things, and the improvements which might be effected by concentrating the means and efforts now used, it would seem that none would withhold his assent to the proposition of a convention, to be composed of subscribers to sweepstakes, according to the plan of your correspondent.

June 1, 1839. A CONSTANT READER.

LENGTH OF THE KENDALL COURSE.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND, 6th June, 1839.

Dear Sir.—My attention has been called to an article in the "Spirit of the Times" of the 1st instant, to a remark of yours in a note under the signature of your correspondent "X." You remark that "Mr. Kendall ought to have his Course re-measured—that people in these parts are utterly incredulous as to the performances of the week before last over this course."

In reply to those remarks, I have to state, that the flat land on which the Kendall course is located, contains 100 acres laid off in a square—consequently there was no want of room. To make a mile track, I employed to lay it out, one of the Baltimore City Surveyors, a gentleman celebrated for his accuracy in such matters. I requested him to be extremely particular in making it an exact mile. I superintended the laying out and the measurement of the course, and I can safely say he was extremely particular to the inch. He measured it over and over again, and pronounced it an exact mile.

At the 1st meeting of the Kendall Jocky Club, in May 1835, a committee of three gentlemen, members of the club, was appointed to measure the course and report the result of their labours to the "Turf Register." One of those gentlemen was Mr. OWEN BALDWYN, the then and at present one of the city surveyors of Baltimore. They reported that they had carefully measured the Kendall course, and found it to be within 6 inches of an exact mile. Their certificate can be found in the "Turf Register" for 1835, in the July or August No. After this I was desirous to have the track laid off in quarters, and employed a surveyor to do so. He reported to me that it was an exact mile, and each quarter exactly 440 yards.

Now, after all this, I do not see the necessity to measure it again and again, unles you can find some gentleman so obstinate of belief as to bet me $1000 that it is not as near a mile as other race courses are made, when intended to be made an exact mile. In that case, I will have it measured again. It is my candid opinion that no horse has run over that course this Spring that has not run over a mile. The grass, as is usual in such cases, has encroached a little on the track, and I do not think a horse can run within three feet of the inside railing.

As regards the time made over the course, you ought to be a proper witness of the fact, for I saw you surrounded by good timers, and they from New York, too, and you appeared to be very accurate and particular in taking down the time. I would beg leave to add, for the information of your correspondent "X.," that there are now twenty times as many horses trained as there were in former days; that the horses making this quick time are the picked horses out of each stable, perhaps out of twelve to twenty horses, and very often the selection of those good ones; and besides, horses are now obliged to run since the distance has been altered to 120 yards for four mile heats, and a corresponding distance for shorter races. And again, in those fast races, the horses go off at a killing quarter pace, as in the case of *Balie Peyton* and *Duane*, at the Central—*Charles Carter* and *Boston's* three miles of the four at the Union (5:36½), —Picton, Lady Clifden, Mingo, and Fanny Wyatt, at the Union—Decatur and Fanny Wyatt at Washington, and many others I could name; in nearly all of those fast races I have timed, for my own information, and can safely say, I do not recollect of there ever being over one second variation with the time reported to judges. If gentlemen are hard of belief, they should time for themselves; they can then detect errors, if any.

Respectfully your obed't serv't, JAS. B. KENDALL.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times:

SIR,—In answer to your Virginia subscriber's case of diseased colts I would observe, in the first place, that similar ones are extremely rare. From his minute description of the symptoms, I cannot hesitate to state at once my conviction, that it is one of three diseases that occasionally affect those parts of the frame, viz.: *carious turbinated bones*, *polypus* in the nostril, or enlargement of the *antrum Highmorianum*, from a carious tooth forming a collection of pus there, and discharging gradually by its communication with the nostril. Either of these three causes would produce nearly similar impediments to respiration, which in the race-horse, particularly, ought to be performed with the greatest ease; for in accelerated motion a large supply of oxygen is absolutely necessary to sustain life, as greater quantities of it are then consumed, and a larger portion of carbon thrown off, than at any other time; hence follows the necessity of having the breathing passages as free from impediment as possible, and hence, also, the predilection entertained for large, wide-spread nostrils in horses destined for the turf. Unless the impediments to respiration existing in the nostrils of these colts be removed, they can never be fit for the turf; it is a physiological fact that the horse cannot breathe through his mouth, the *velum palati* completely preventing respiration through that aperture. From the weeping of the eye, at the commencement of the disease, I am inclined to think that it must be in the *turbinated bones*, or *pituitary membrane* investing them, because the lachrymal duct in its passage from the orbit to the nose passes through those bones, consequently any inflammation taking place in them would be likely to affect the lachrymal duct and close it, so that the tears could not pass through their natural channel, and of necessity would have to fall over the inferior eyelid in the form of weeping, as stated in his case. If the cause be either *carious turbinated bones*, or *polypus*, the only remedy is extirpation. The bones are so soft and spongy that they can be easily divided with any instrument that may be used for that purpose; but before having recourse to this operation, I would try the effect of introducing a probong of any elastic substance, two or three times a day, for ten days or a fortnight, commencing with a small one and gradually increasing it in size to one inch and a half in diameter; the dilatation thus acquired is sometimes permanent, the mechanical pressure causing absorption of the obstructing mass. If it be an enlargement of the antrum of Highmore, the only remedy is, either to pull a tooth, and make an orifice in the alveolar cavity communicating with the antrum, to allow the matter collected to be discharged; or, to use a trephine for that purpose, making an orifice of at least an inch in diameter, so as to enable you to examine with precision the nature of the internal tumor. As I have no knowledge of any medicine that would be likely to cause absorption of the tumor, I would advise the adoption of one or other of the above operations, as may be considered most likely to produce the desired effect. Should the above suggestions prove of any service to you, or to any subscriber to the Spirit of the Times, I shall consider myself amply rewarded.

Your obedient servant,

New York, June 1, 1839. VETERINARIUS.

LEXINGTON (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

The Spring Races over the *Association Course*, near this city, commenced on Tuesday. The weather has been fine, the track in excellent order, and the sport first rate. A large concourse has been present on the field each day, larger than has ever previously attended the Spring races on this course. The breeders of blood stock, too, have turned out their produce to contend for the various prizes offered by the Association, and to establish their reputation for speed and bottom, in greatly increased numbers.

TUESDAY, May 21, 1839—*Brennan Stakes*, a Silver Pitcher of the value of $100, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Nineteen subs. at $100 each. Mile heats.

W. S. Buford's b. f. *Minstrel*, by Medoc, dam by Alexander	2	1	1
E Warfield's c. *Gazan*, by Sir Leslie, out of Directress	1	2	3
Spear & Kelley's ch. c. *Morehead*, by Medoc, out of Multiflora	4	6	2
T. Van Swearengen's ch. c. *Darnley*, by John Richards, out of Lady Gray by Sir Richard	5	5	4
James J. Allen's b. c. *Robert Bruce*, by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy	6	3	5
R. Downing's (J. L. Downing's) ch. f. by Singleton, out of Isabella by Hephestion	3	4	dist.
J. McIntosh's gr. c. *Emigrant*, by Cadet, dam by Contract			dist.

Time, 1:51½—1:52—1:51½.

Minstrel was the favorite from the beginning, and the result proved that she well merited the confidence reposed in her. Gazan was in the worst possible order for running, having a large swelling on one of his fore legs, and being lame in one of his hind legs. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, however, in the first heat, soon after the start, he took the lead, and contrary to all expectations, maintained his position, winning the heat by a few feet. He did not do this, however, without much difficulty, for he was pressed on all sides by Minstrel first, and close upon her were Morehead, Darnly, and we may say, indeed, the whole field, except Emigrant, who, after making a gallant run about two-thirds of a mile, was compelled to fall in the rear, and could not save his distance. The loss of the first heat did not greatly affect the betting; the backers of Minstrel, who had taken her against the field, and in some instances given odds, were still confident that she would win the race. The second and third heats, like the first, were beautifully contested, from the start to the finish, first by one and then by another of the nags; the "brunt of the battle" with Minstrel being sustained by Gazan in the second, and by Morehead in the third; Minstrel's powers, however, proved too great for any of her competitors, and after a severe contest, in which she and her adversaries exhibited all the qualities requisite for "tip top" race nags, she triumphed, winning the pitcher, the entrance money, and forfeits, no inconsiderable prize, and what is of greater value to her owner, a high reputation.

WEDNESDAY, May 22—City Purse $350, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118 7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

R. Moseby's ch. c. by Frank, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	1	1
Wm. Buford's (John Lewis's) ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	3	2
E. Warfield's f. *Rosa Vertner*, by Sir Leslie, out of Directress, 4 yrs	2	3
Sidney Burbridge's (L. Herndon's) b. h. *Redhead*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whip, 5 yrs	6	4
J. E. Roper's b. h. *Anvil*, by Contract, dam by Eclipse, aged	5	5
Charles Buford's ch. f. *Leopardess*, by Medoc, dam by Moses, 3 yrs	4	dist.
Thos. Van Swearengen's (J. C. Mason's) ro. g. *Blue Jim*, by Mucklejohn, dam by King Herod, 5 yrs	7	dist.
R. P. Snell's (W. W. Webb's) b. h. *Lorenzo*, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 5 yrs		dist.

Time, 3:55—3:49.

This was a most interesting race. The ch. c. by Medoc was the favorite upon starting, and bets on him against the field were freely offered, but could find but few takers, unless odds were given. Rosa Vertner took the lead, and maintained it during the first mile, the Medoc and Frank colts close up to her, and the balance of the field pressing hard upon them. After the first quarter of the second mile the Frank made play, passing the Medoc, and running so hard upon Rosa Vertner that they soon became locked. The struggle down the back-stretch was severe, every horse apparently doing his best. At the turn four or five of them seemed to be together, but upon rising the hill, the Frank emerged from the crowd, shot a-head of them all, and making a most gallant and beautiful race down the quarter stretch, came in a few feet a-head of them all, and making a most gallant and beautiful race down the quarter stretch, came in a few feet a-head of Rosa Vertner, winning the heat, and exhibiting such powers as to convince every one that he was of the "right sort of stuff," and that if the race were won by another, it would have to be done by "the hardest." It was evident now that the contest for victory would lie between the Frank and the Medoc. Rosa Vertner again took the lead at the start of the second heat, the Medoc 2d, and the Frank 3d; they all went off in most gallant style, and at a rate to show that there was to be no "child's play" from the commencement to the end of the heat. Rosa Vertner could not, however, maintain her position, and she fell first behind the Medoc, then the Frank, leaving the conflict with these two nags, and a hard conflict it was. When they rose the hill the last time, and were entering upon the last quarter, the Medoc was a-head, but the Frank making play at him, they came down the stretch like the wind, the Frank coming in a few feet a-head, and winning the heat and the race. The time of this 2d heat is the best of any 2d heat of two miles eve made over this course.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Joseph Clinton's ro. m. *Roanna*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs	1	1
Geo. E. Blackburn's (V. Collins's) b. h. by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 5 yrs	6	2
R. Burbridge's b. c. by Cherokee, dam by William, 4 yrs	5	3
Wm. Buford's (B. W. Dudley's) ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Orphan, 3 yrs	3	4
Charles Buford's (R. Chiles's) b. f. by Sir Lovell, dam by Doublehead, 3 yrs	2	dist.
R. P. Snell's (Charles Webb's) ch. m. *Margaret*, by Medoc, out of Lady Whip, 4 y.	4	dist.

Time, 1:52½—1:52½.

Roanna was the favorite, her backers giving odds of 2 to 1 on her against the field, and finding but few takers. The heats were beautifully contested by the Sir Lovel filly in the first heat, and Blackburn's Kosciusko and B. W. Dudley's Medoc in the second. She won the race, however, with ease, evidently possessing high qualities as a race nag.

THURSDAY, May 23 Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $200 each, P.P. Two mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's b. f. by Medoc, dam by Sumpter	1	1
T. J. Young's (S. Davenport's) b. c. *Maffit*, by Frank, dam by Aratus	3	2
Charles Buford's (R. Chiles's) b. f. by Sir Lovell, out of Eliza Jenkins	2	3

Time, 3:52½ 3:57½.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—City Purse $100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Willa Viley's (T. Young) ch. m. *Mary Porter*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Old Printer, 5 yrs	1	1
Wm. S. Buford's b. f. *Bayadere*, by Medoc, dam by Hephestion, 3 yrs	4	2
Sidney Burbridge's (James Ford's) b. h. by Brunswick, out of ——, 5 yrs	2	3
Thomas Lynch's ch. f. *Jane on the Green*, by Medoc, dam by Hephestion, 4 yrs	3	4
R. Burbridge's b. m. *Amanda*, by Plato, dam by Whipster, 5 yrs	5	dist.
James E. Hutchinson's b. c. *Austin*, by Buck Elk, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs	7	dist.
Wm. Buford's ch. c. *Nick Welsh*, by Medoc, dam by Bluster, 4 yrs	6	dr.
R. P. Snell's b. m. by Woodpecker, dam by Saxe Weimar, 5 yrs		dist.

Time, 1:50—1:50.

Both of these races were interesting, and finely contested throughout, by most of the horses entered.

FRIDAY, May 24—Poststake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs, fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at $100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

Charles Buford's b. f. by Medoc, out of Belle Anderson by William	1	1
W. W. Bacon's (Wm. S. Buford's) b. f. by Collier, dam by Galiatin	3	2
E. Warfield's b. f. *Lais*, by Sarpedon, out of Aurora by Aratus	3	3

Time, 1:50 - 1:52.

This was a beautifully contested race, like every other trial during the week. The Collier filly was decidedly the favorite before starting, the knowing ones taking her against the field, and in some instances giving odds. How they were "used up," the result shows. The struggle for the first heat was severe, and continued doubtful to the close. The Medoc filly, however, in coming down the stretch proved that she was gifted above her competitors in heels, if not in bottom, winning the heat by nearly a length, Dr. Warfield's Lais, by Sarpedon, close upon the heels of the contending nag. The second heat, they all started in the order which they came to the Judges' stand in the first. Several attempts were made by the Collier filly to pass the Medoc, but they proved ineffectual. She won the heat and race with apparent ease.

SATURDAY, May 25 - Association Purse $500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Sidney Burbidge's b. h. *Tarleton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Grey, 5 yrs	2	1	1
Willa Viley's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black Eyed Susan by Tiger, 4 yrs	1	2	2
George E. Blackburn's b. f. *Betsey Baker*, by Lance, out of Letitia by Whip, 4 yrs	4	4	3
R. Burbridge's gr. c. *Draco*, by Singleton, out of the dam of Sarah Miller, 4 yrs	3	3	4
Wm. S. Buford's (W. W. Bacon's) b. c. *Charlie Naylor*, by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs			dist.

Time, 6:00—5:52½ - 5:57.

This was essentially a betting race, and but for a most unfortunate accident, by which Charlie Naylor, in the first heat, entirely lost the use of one of his hind legs, would probably have been more severely contested than any which preceded it. Charlie Naylor and Tarleton both had their backers against the field, but a far larger amount was risked upon these nags against each other, the friends of both being confident, almost to certainty, that each would prove successful in the race.

In the first heat Betsey Baker took the lead, Tarleton next, the Bertrand filly third, Draco fourth, and Charlie Naylor last. In this position they remained the whole of the first mile, the variation being only in the space between them. After the first round, it was observed that something was the matter with Naylor. He could neither stretch or gather himself, but seemed cramped and under great labor, and still remained behind. The second mile Tarleton came in a-head, the Bertrand 2d, and Betsey Baker 3d, Draco and Naylor close up. But after the first quarter of the 3d mile Naylor gave out entirely and stopped. There was a beautiful run down the back stretch, Tarleton still a-head, and the other three nags close up. They rose the hill and entered the last quarter in this position, when the Bertrand filly made a sudden run at Tarleton, passed him before they reached the distance stand, and won the heat by nearly a length. The disappointment was great by the backers of both Naylor and Tarleton. On examination, it was found that the tendons of Naylor's ancle had been badly cut by some horse running upon him, and had separated—destroying the use of

one of his hind legs entirely. At what part of the race this accident occurred is not positively known, but it is supposed to have been done by the grey horse Draco, in the first quarter of the second mile. The patrole judges, four in number, reported the race fair. The density of the dust, however, was such, that the grey horse might have run upon Naylor without the patrole judges seeing it. No evidence being produced that Naylor was disabled by Draco, he was permitted to start again.

The second heat, Tarleton started ahead, and as if determined that none of the nags should steal a march upon him a second time, he kept ahead, altho' occasionally hard pressed by the Bertrand and Betsey Baker. He won the heat by more than two lengths. The story was now told. No one doubted that the race was Tarleton's. In the third heat the start was much the same as the second. Tarleton leading off in gallant style. The "bloody Draco," made several hard pashes at him, and so did the Bertrand and Betsey Baker, but they found it all in vain. The race was his. He came in, on the last round, several lengths ahead of the contending nag,—the others barely saving their distance.

E. Bryant, Sec'y. Ky. Association.

MOUNT PLEASANT (Tenn.) SPRING RACES.

We are indebted to the Secretary for the annexed report of the Meeting of the Maury County Club:—

WEDNESDAY, May 22, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at $100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

H. Smith's ch. c. *Allen Brown*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle	1	1
L. P. Cheatham's br. f. *Lussett*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacolet	3	2
W. H Boddie's b. f. *Indian Squaw*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Phenomenon	2	dist.

Time, 1:57—1:54.

THURSDAY, May 23—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Five subs. at $100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

R. C. Whiteside's b. f. *Allegra*, by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	1	1
Wm. G. Cage's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	3	2
H. Smith's b. c. *John Marshall*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs	4	3
R. K. Polk's gr. f. by Stumps, out of Variella, 3 yrs	2	4
Jno. G. Keeble's ch. f. *Susan Cheatham*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	5	dist.

Time, 1:56—1:52.

FRIDAY, May 24—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at $100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

James H. Webster's ch. c. *Voltaire*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand	4	3	1	1
D. L. Whitaker's gr. f. by Henry Tonson, dam by Stockholder	1	2	2	2
A. T. Nolen's b. g. *Joe Smith*, by Fitzwashington, dam by Bluster	3	1	3	dist.
Thomas E. Ridly's ch. f. *Betsey Smith*, by Stockholder, dam by Roanoke	2	dr.		

Time, 1:58—2:08—2:15—2:15.

The track during the three days, was in excellent order.

H. A. Miller, *Sec'y.*

BOAT RACE AT PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, June 3, 1839.

Dear Sir,—It is rarely that in this place we have anything to enliven us, or distract our minds from the cares of business. The rattling of drays and carts, and the ceaseless ringing of the hammers, are the only music we ever hear, save when an execrable band brays forth some horrible discord, which never had existence anywhere except in the brain of the performers.

However, on Saturday last we had a boat race for $100 a-side, distance, five miles, between the *Glaucus* and *Minstrel*, and though the time cannot compare with that made by the boats of your city, yet you must take into consideration that one half the distance was pulled against a stream running four miles an hour—each boat pulled eight oars. The Glaucus won the race at Louisville last Fall, and much interest was taken in her performance on this occasion, more especially as the Minstrel had beaten her some four weeks previous. Divers were the bets made, hats, boots, pantaloons, &c.; bundles of Ohio money were fluttering in every direction, and everybody seemed seized with a rage for betting. Neither boat could be called a favorite, and I heard of no odds given except in the case of an old lady, who staked her cow against a horse and cart, averring at the same time that she was betting 2 to 1, since her animal was worth $40, whereas the other quadruped, with the vehicle attached, could not be valued at $20.

At 6 o'clock precisely the boats started, the Glaucus going with a very quick stroke, the Minstrel under a strong and steady pull. "Twenty dollars on the Minstrel," cried out some person near me; "the Glaucus boys cannot live at that stroke."

The event proved the gentleman to be mistaken: the Glaucus gradually left her competitor, and came home a winner by 58 seconds, pulling a quicker stroke than when she left:—

Boat Race, $100 aside, dist. 5 miles.

Glaucus	1
Minstrel	2

Time, 36:30.

P.S. It is rumored that the Minstrel intends challenging the Glaucus for $1000 a side, same distance, to come off some time during the end of this month. I think the ball will be kept in motion during the summer and fall, as we have two fine boats built by Shamburgh, of your city (they are named *Ben Shamburgh* and *Richard Biddle*), besides divers others, built here. By the way, Shamburgh may thank your "Spirit" for the orders he has received from Pittsburgh, since had it not been for the publication of the race between the Shamburgh and Spark, if I remember rightly, it is most probable we would still have continued to get our race boats from Philadelphia.

Wemyss has opened the theatre here with a most execrable company. Booth played last week, and his name alone was sufficient to draw good houses, for no one could ever cheat himself into the belief that he would be well supported by the stock actors.

Praise of the appearance of your new volume is unnecessary, and with every wish for your success, I remain, Yours truly, A Subscriber.

Agriculture.

ON THE SELECTION OF MALE ANIMALS IN THE BREEDING OF CATTLE AND SHEEP.

BY THE RIGHT HON. EARL SPENCER.

More from wishing to set an example to others, than from any hope that what I myself can suggest will be practically useful, I submit to the English Agricultural Society the results of my experience in an important part of that division of farming, to which my own attention has been particularly applied,—I mean the breeding of stock. The part to which the following observations apply is the selection of male animals. A large proportion of farmers breed sheep and several breed cattle; to all who breed either this subject is one of great importance.

The object of a certain number is to breed bulls or rams for the purpose of selling or letting them, but that of the majority is to breed oxen or wethers for the purpose of grazing. The first of these classes is very well aware of the importance of selecting good male animals, and profess to spare no trouble and to be very indifferent as to the expense which they incur in obtaining them; but with respect to those whose object it is only to breed oxen or wethers, I am afraid the case is generally very different, and they take very little trouble and expend as little money as possible in procuring the male animals to which they put their females; that is, they consider as a matter of indifference that on which the profitable or unprofitable nature of their occupation mainly depends.

It is admitted by every one that the bodily and constitutional qualities of the offspring are usually similar to those of the parents, either combining in various proportions the qualities of both parents, or taking entirely after one. I should say, as respects cattle and sheep, that, in most cases, the qualities of the male parent predominate in the offspring. I have also observed that the worse-bred the female is, the more will this be the case when she is put to a well-bred male. This observation was first made, I believe, by the late Mr. Berry, in an essay, for which he received a prize from the Highland Society. He accounted for it thus: a well-bred animal means one whose ancestors for several generations have all been good, that is, have all possessed the peculiarities in constitution and shape which it is the object of experienced graziers to obtain in their stock. The characteristic, therefore, of the family of such an animal will be such peculiarities; but the ancestors of a badly-bred animal will probably have varied in every possible way, and therefore there will be no distinguishing characteristic in its family; it is consequently most probable that the offspring produced from a cross between two animals so circumstanced will be more like the one in whose family there is a distinguishing characteristic, than the one in whose family no such characteristic exists. The common but, I believe, mistaken notion, that the offspring from the first cross is better than that from any subsequent one, probably arises from the improvement in the first instance being so much more apparent than, for the reason given above, it is likely to be in any generation afterwards. Now it is known to all graziers that the attempt to fatten an animal, who possesses no feeding propensities, produces loss instead of profit. If the above observations are correct, the feeding propensities descend from the sire; it is quite just, therefore, to say that a breeder of cattle or sheep, who considers it a matter of indifference what sort of male animal he uses, does consider it a matter of indifference whether he gains profit or incurs loss.

The first object which any breeder of cattle or sheep must keep in view, whether he intends to breed bulls or rams, or whether his aim is merely to breed oxen or wethers, is that the stock which he breeds shall be healthy. The first thing, therefore, to be considered in the selection of a male animal are the indications by which it may be possible to form a judgment as to his constitution. In all animals a wide chest indicates strength of constitution, and there can be no doubt that this is the point of shape to which it is most material for any breeder to look in the selection either of a bull or a ram. In order to ascertain that the chest of these animals is wide, it is not sufficient to observe that they have wide bosoms, but the width which is perceived by looking at them in the front should be continued along the brisket, which ought to shew great fulness in the part which is just under the elbows; it is also necessary that they should be what is called thick through the heart. Another indication of a good constitution is, that a male animal should have a masculine appearance; with this view a certain degree of coarseness is by no means objectionable, but this coarseness should not be such as would be likely to show itself in a castrated animal, because it thus might happen that the oxen or wethers produced from such a sire would be coarse also, which in them would be a fault. Another point to be attended to, not merely as an indication of a good constitution, but as a merit in itself, is that an animal should exhibit great muscular power, or rather that his muscles should be large. This is an usual accompaniment of strength of constitution, but it also shows that there will be a good proportionate mixture of lean and fat in the meat produced from the animal; the muscles being that part which in meat is lean. A thick neck is in both bulls and rams a proof of the muscles being large, and there can hardly be a greater fault in the shape of a male animal, of either sort, than his having a thin neck. I am inclined to say, that in the new Leicester breed of sheep, which is the breed to which I am accustomed, a ram's neck cannot be too thick. Other indications of muscle are more difficult to observe in sheep than in cattle. In a bull there ought to be a full muscle on each side of the back-bone; he ought also to have the muscles on the outside of the thigh full, and extending down nearly to the hough. It will seldom happen that a bull having these indications will be found deficient in muscle. With respect to rams, my own observation does not enable me to point out any other indications of muscle except the thickness of the neck, which I have mentioned above; if other farmers are able to point out any, I would only say there is scarcely any thing to which they ought to pay greater attention.

As I am writing for the use of farmers, it is quite unnecessary for me to attempt to give a description of what is considered a well-shaped bull or ram; it is also obviously impossible to express in words what is meant by good handling. It is sufficient to say, therefore, that no male animal is fit to be used at all as a sire whose handling is not good, and that the more perfect his shape is the better. The above observations apply to breeding generally; for whatever may be the sort or size of the animal intended to be produced, there is no doubt but that good health, propensity to fatten, and good shape, in all cases, ought to be aimed at. But there are not only different breeds, both of cattle and sheep, but experienced and very good farmers differ very much in opinion as to which peculiarities of shape and size are to be preferred, even among animals of the same breed. It is therefore very desirable, before any man commences to breed either cattle or sheep, that he should make up his mind as to the shape and qualities he wishes to obtain, and steadily pursue this object; if he does so, there is very little doubt but that he will succeed in having a herd of cattle or sheep possessing the characteristics which he at first intended they should possess; but if, on the other hand, he breeds at one time with the view of obtaining animals possessing one sort of shape, and at another time with the view of obtaining animals possessing a different sort of shape, the probability is, that his stock will possess neither the one nor the other in any degree of perfection. Having made this decision, he should take care that the individual male animal which he uses shall possess the qualities which he requires. In addition to this, it is of great importance that these qualities should have been characteristic of the family from which the animal is descended; and if he is old enough to have been the sire of any number of offspring, it is of a great deal more importance still that they should possess them. Because all the perfections of shape and quality which the best judge may wish to find in a male animal are, after all, only indications of what the stock got by him will probably be; the seeing, therefore, what they really are is much more satisfactory.

There are few breeders, of cattle more especially, who breed upon so large a scale as to enable them to keep many male animals at the same time in use. A man, therefore, can usually look at the general qualities of the females which he possesses, and observe what are the faults most prevalent among them; these he should be particularly careful to avoid in the male which he intends to use. It is sometimes said that a male animal ought to have no faults, and undoubtedly it would be very desirable that this should be the case; but, unfortunately, no such animal exists. All a man can do, therefore, is to avoid putting a male and female together whose imperfections are the same, so as not to increase the fault already existing in his stock. If a man breeds upon a large scale, and uses several males at the same time, he can, of course, attend to this more effectually than if he uses only one. In this case, he should select and put together the males and females individually, so as to endeavor to correct any imperfections which either of them shew. Most breeders of sheep, indeed, do use more than one ram, and all who pretend to take any pains in improving their flock divide their ewes, so as to put them with the ram who will most probably effect this object. I need not say that those (some of whom, I am sorry to say, still exist) who turn two or three rams of different shapes and qualities into a field with all their ewes, without attempting to make any selection among them, have no right to expect to be successful breeders; and if they do expect it, will certainly be disappointed. I believe the general opinion of breeders is, that it is disadvantageous to endeavor to correct any fault in the shape of a female by putting a male to her who possesses, in extraordinary perfection, the merit in which she is deficient, but who in some other part of his shape is faulty. My experience leads me to say that this mode of endeavoring to correct a fault is frequently successful. It would be better that none of the females from which a man intends to breed from should be faulty in shape to any considerable degree, but it almost always will happen that some animals, possessing an excellent constitution, good blood, and a great propensity to fatten, and therefore such as the owner would very unwillingly cull, will fail decidedly in some part of their shape. I would say that, when this is the case, it is worth while to try the experiment of putting to them a male remarkable for his perfection in this failing part; and, in my opinion, such a male will be more likely to correct the fault, than one who shows no one part of his shape very superior to the rest. The late Mr. Cline, whose eminence as a surgeon is very well known, published a tract upon the breeding of domestic animals, which contained, as might be expected, most valuable information. His suggestions are such as ought to be very carefully attended to; but it is probable that his meaning has been mistaken in one recommendation which he gives, namely, that in which he is understood to say that it is always desirable that the male should be smaller than the female. When he makes this observation he is speaking of the crossing of different breeds, and probably only means that in a cross between a large breed and a small one, the male should be taken from the small breed, and the female from the large one. It is hardly possible that he intended to say that in the same breed the male ought to be smaller than the female, because this is contrary to the practice of nature. In every description of land animal with which I am acquainted the males are of a larger size than the females. The attempt also to follow this advice would undoubtedly, in a few generations, so very much reduce the size both of males and females, as considerably to diminish their value. I can say, from my own experience, that some of the best-shaped animals which I have bred have been produced by following a contrary course. I prefer breeding from large females; but if I do breed from one which I think too small, I put her to the largest male of good shape that I possess. As one instance among several to prove that this course may be successful, the ox which I showed in the fourth class, at the last Smithfield show, and which obtained the prize in that class, was by the largest bull I have, from a cow so small, that I culled her after she had bred that one calf. It must be admitted that the theoretical reasoning which Mr. Cline adduces in support of this recommendation appears to be very conclusive; but, even in the restricted sense in which I understand it, there is some doubt whether it is practically correct. The most successful cross between two different breeds of cattle, of which I am aware, was the one between a Durham bull and a Galloway Scotch cow, made by Mr. Charles Colling. The produce from this cross sold for enormous prices at his sale, and at the present day a majority of the best short-horned cattle are descended from it. My opinion, then, the result of my own practical experience is, that if a man considers the female animals which he possesses to be smaller than he wishes, he may safely put them to a male of large size, provided he is well bred, of good quality, and is well shaped. But I am bound to add, that I know, in giving this opinion, I differ from the most skilful and successful breeders with whom I am acquainted.

It follows from the above observations, if they are correct, that the first and most indispensable object which all breeders must try to obtain, whatever may be the sort of animals they wish to have, whatever may be the shape or size they prefer, that the male animal which they select shall possess a strong and healthy constitution. This is absolutely essential; but it is also most conducive to their success that they shall, after due consideration, make up their minds as to the qualities which they wish their stock to possess; that, having made this decision, they shall steadily pursue the object they have in view, and endeavor to select such males as shall be likely to get offspring possessing these qualities; that they shall carefully and candidly examine the females from which they intend to breed, observe the faults in shape or quality which prevail among them, and select males who shall possess corresponding perfections. That the safest mode of ascertaining what are likely to be the qualities of the produce from a male in future is, where there is the opportunity, to see what are the qualities of the offspring already produced from them; then, the next to this is, to observe what are the qualities of the family to which he belongs; and that in the case of not having the opportunity of making use of either of these guides, they may assume that it is probable that the qualities of the individual himself, which in all cases ought to be attended to, will, if he is well bred, descend to his offspring.

It has already been said that there are two classes among the farmers who breed cattle and sheep; the one, of those who breed bulls or rams, and the other, of those who breed oxen or wethers for the purpose of grazing only: the above observations are intended to apply to both. But much more attention ought to be paid by the first of these classes in the selection of the animals from which they breed than is absolutely necessary in the other. This is essential to their own interest, because a male animal very often shows faults in his shape which if he had been castrated, would not have appeared. It frequently, therefore, happens that the produce from a bull or a ram may prove excellent cattle or sheep for grazing purposes only, but may be totally unfit to be kept as the sire of future stock. Their duty also to those who hire or buy from them imposes upon them the obligation to pay the strictest and most minute attention to the qualities of their male animals; more particularly, they are bound not to offer to their customers any one, of the health of which they have any reason whatever to doubt, whether this doubt arises from any weakness of constitution, which may have appeared in the individual himself, or whether it arises from their knowledge of the family from which he is descended. They are bound also, not to keep as males any animals who are not perfectly well-bred. It does not follow from this, that a long pedigree is in all cases necessary, although it is generally desirable; but it sometimes happens that a female, of whose pedigree the owner is ignorant, will have produced offspring which have all possessed extraordinary merit, and which have proved themselves good breeders also: a male descended from such a female may be considered perfectly well-bred on her side; and will, very possibly, prove a better sire than many whose pedigree is much longer.

In paying this minute attention to their occupation, the breeders of male animals have some advantages not possessed by others; they have generally the opportunity of knowing accurately what are the characteristics of the families of the animals from which they breed, an opportunity not possessed by those who breed only for grazing purposes. It order to make a proper use of this advantage, they ought to keep accurate pedigrees of their cattle and of their sheep, and as far as possible, when they put the males and females together, recollect what have been the respective qualities of the ancestors of each. They have also the opportunity, by using a male cautiously at an early age, of knowing by experiment, whether the stock produced from him is good or bad, before they run the risk of injuring their stock materially by using him largely. This may be ascertained with sufficient accuracy when the produce are very young; for an experienced breeder can judge with tolerable certainty what will be the shape of a calf or a lamb when it grows up by seeing it soon after it is born, and before it has begun to lay on fat. Nor is it necessary to see many of the produce for the purpose of deciding what its general characteristics will probably be. I admit that in saying this I am speaking more from my experience as a breeder of cattle than a breeder of sheep, but I believe the same observations will apply to both. It is certain, however, that seeing four or five calves rom a bull ought to be a sufficient guide to the breeder as to whether he will be valuable as a sire or not. Unless there is a family likeness which generally pervades through the produce from a bull, although he may be valuable as the sire of oxen, it will not be safe to use him as the sire of bulls. The seeing, therefore, four or five calves will prove to the breeder whether there is such a family likeness among them, and whether it exhibits itself in such qualities as indicate that when they grow up they will be valuable animals.

There is one failing to which all breeders are liable, but to which the breeder of male animals, from the greater interest attached to his occupation, is more peculiarly liable, and against which he ought most carefully to guard himself; this is, too great a partiality for animals bred by himself. In order to guard against this he ought to occupy himself more in looking for faults than in discovering merits in his stock, he ought to listen to every criticism he hears made upon them, even by those whose judgment he does not hold in high estimation—not, of course, with the view of being satisfied at once that the criticism is correct, but with the view of satisfying himself, by accurate and candid examination, whether it is so or not; and he ought frequently to see the stock belonging to other breeders, and fairly compare its merits with those of his own.

I think it most probable that in the foregoing observations nothing will be found which will give new and useful information to practical farmers; but I have been induced to submit them to the English Agricultural Society, because I conceive that one of the great objects of that society is the diffusion of knowledge connected with every branch of farming. The best way in which it can be enabled to effect this object, is by those of its members who have paid attention to any of the divisions of farming operations communicating to the Society the results of their practice and experience. It will then be for the Society to circulate, by any means in their power, such of these communications as it shall appear to them are likely to be useful to those engaged in the cultivation of the land. With this view I place this paper at their disposal.

London Farmer's Magazine for May.

TORONTO AND YORK COUNTY (U. C.) RACES.

THE City of Toronto and York County Race Meeting, over the *Simcoe Chace Course*, will commence on Wednesday, the 19th of June, 1839, and continue two days.

Preses: Col. Mackenzie Fraser, Qr. Mr. Gen'l.

Stewards: The Hon. Sir Allan Napier MacNab; Col. Cox, P. S.; Col. Bullocks, Adj. G M.; Capt. Markham, 32d Regt.; The Sheriff, H. District; Lt. Meade, 43d Light Infantry; Chas. C. Small, Esq.; John Barwick, Esq.; Col. Sparke, 83d Highlanders; Major Magrath; Captain Arthur, A. D. C.; The Mayor of the City; Lt. M. Pipon, K. D. G.; Peter Buchanan, Esq.; Chas. W. Heath, Esq.

First day—The City Plate of Fifty Sovereigns, free for all horses; two yr. olds, a feather; three yr. olds, 6st 9lbs; four, 7st 9lbs; five, 8st 4lb; six, 8st 10lbs; and aged, 9st. Heats, two miles and a distance. Entrance, £5.

Same day—The Inn-keepers Plate of £50, for horses that never won Plate, Match or Sweepstakes, of the value of £50, at any time before the day of entry. Three yr. olds to carry 10st 7lbs; four, 11st 4lbs; five, 11st 10lbs; sx and aged, 12st. Heats, once round and a distance. Gentlemen Riders, "Members of a Racing or Fox Hunting Club." Ent. £4.

Same day—A Jockey Saddle, for horses that never started for Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, before the day of entry. Heats, once round. Post Entry.

Second day—The County Plate of Fifty Pounds, free for all horses; two yr. olds, a feather; three yr. olds to carry 7st 3lbs; four, 8st 4lb; five, 8st 13lbs; six, 9st 4lb; and aged, 9st 7lbs. Heats, once round and a distance. Winner of either of the first day's races, to carry 10lbs extra. Entrance, £4.

Same day—The Ladies Plate of £40, for horses bred in the Province, that never won Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, before the day of entry. Heats, once round and a distance. Weight and Riders as for Inn-keepers Plate. Entrace, £3.

Same day—The Tally Ho Hurdle Sweepstakes, of £5 each, P.P. Free for all horses. Heats, once round and a distance. Weights and Riders as for Inn-keeper's Plate. To enter for this Race, on the evening of the first day's race.

Same day—A Jockey Saddle, for Ponies of 13¼ hands high, and under. Heats, once round. Post entry.

Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Entrance for the Plates to be made and paid at the Ontorio House, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock, P.M., on Monday before the Races, and the second horse in each of these Plates to save their entrances. Riders must turn out in full jockey style. Winners to pay five per cent. towards expenses.

JOHN MAITLAND, *Secretary.*

Toronto, April 23, 1839.—[June1]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
2. Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
3. John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
4. Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
5. Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
6. Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
7. John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
8. Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec.*

[June 8]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - Lynchburg Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th June.
TORONTO, U.C. - - - - Simcoe Chase Course, Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th June.
WHEELING, Va. - - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 25th June.

"N. OF ARKANSAS" IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, June 12th, 1839.

My Dear P.,—The racing campaign for the Spring of 1839 is over. Those nags that have been lucky enough to win laurels can summer on them, while the vanquished have only to look to the future and live on hope. Conspicuous among the winners,—indeed first and foremost in the list of racing fame stands the invincible *Boston*, who since his last race has passed into the hands of Mr. JAMES LONG of Virginia, at the trifling price of $12,500. The owner is worthy of the horse, for when friend after friend was frightened by the game-like appearance of that splendid son of Andrew, the renowned *Balie Peyton*, there was one man in the crowd who clung to "*Old White Nose*" with the devotion of a mother to her babe. He had faith in "*the tools*" and "*shaped himself*" accordingly.

That Boston is a game horse, I have not a doubt—some think differently. It is true he has won his fame at a time when good four-milers were scarce; yet I believe he would have been a brilliant star in the palmy days of Trifle, Mingo, and Lady Cliffden. The Old Napoleon says he is game, and firmly believed that on the Island he could have gone in 7:44—7:45; and if any one is hardy enough to back his opinion against that of Old Nap., my word for it, before a campaign is over, his pocket-book will be *somewhat lighter*. I speak advisedly, when I say Boston is open to run four mile heats, for $25,000 aside, against any horse in the world.

A word for Balie Peyton.—If there had been a studied effort to make him lose the 1st heat at Long Island, no better plan could have been adopted. The fault was in the rider, who should have trailed as instructed, but who took the lead, and worried both himself and horse so much in the two first miles, as to disable the former from pulling, and the latter from running. If the horse had been allowed to go along the first mile at his leisure instead of being jerked to death, he would have made an awful gap, without fatiguing himself half as much. He is the speediest and finest looking animal I have ever seen, put up in the English style. With the exception of being more heavily muscled, and gamer-like in appearance, he resembles the engraving of *Sarpedon*—I should like to see him matched 2 mile heats.

I should like to say something of the 4 mile race between those splendid 4 year olds *Job* and *Fordham*, but I will defer my remarks to another time with the single assertion that nothing but the worst kind of management lost Fordham the race. He is now in Col. Johnson's hands, and wo betide the horse that encounters him two, three, or four mile heats this Fall.

Duane, I think, will be trained this Fall, though Col. Johnson recommends his "laying over" until the Spring, and his owner fears his leg will give way; should he give way in the Spring, his services as a stallion would be lost, while such would not be the case if he trained this Fall.

This city of brotherly love is a quiet, calm place, but not a priming to Gotham. I wish I had never staid with you at the "Astor;" the good things there ruin a man and make him dissatisfied. Boyden, Coleman and Stetson are jewels in their line, and if any one leaves the "Astor" displeased, why he would grumble at going to heaven. As to mixing liquors—100 to 30 on *Foster* against the field, barring *Uncle John R's* punch. Hastily yours, N.

REMARKABLE INSTINCT OF A FOX.

Mr. Editor,—It is worth the while of speculative philosophy to ponder upon the *instinct* (*how nearly allied to reason!*) of many of the brute creation.

Wandering, some time since, along the shore of Long Island, not far from Smithtown, my attention was suddenly arrested by the peculiar juxtaposition of a fox and a flock of wild geese, that were lazily and confidently floating down the current, along the verge of sedge which thickly coated the banks. Reynard, as soon as he observed the approach of his intended prey, betook himself to a device worthy of a Talleyrand. He seized upon a large bunch of sedge grass—dropped quietly into the stream, and having swam just so far into the stream as to intercept his floating game, "marked time," with all of his body merged, except the tip end of his nose, capped with the aforesaid bunch of sedge grass, until he found himself in the midst of the unsuspecting flock, when throwing off his disguise, he made a dash at and secured two fine geese, which he bore off triumphantly, I having no disposition to interfere in so admirably conducted a specimen of his legitimate vocation. KNICKERBOCKER.

RIFLE SHOOTING IN GEORGIA.

Some time since we mentioned a splendid rifle made to order by HARRINGTON, of this city, at a cost of $500, for Dr. DAVID SHELTON, of Talbotton, Ga. Dr. S. was to shoot a heavy match this Spring, of which the particulars were promised; whether it has already come off or not we are ignorant, but we have received a letter signed by two gentlemen of Talbotton, giving an account of two targets recently made by Dr. S. which, if correct, (and we have no reason to question their veracity,) will deter us, at any rate, from shooting a match with *him* for anything over a basket of Heidsieck. Here is the report:

Talbotton, Talbot Co., (Ga.) May 22, 1839.

Dear Sir,—We saw Dr. David Shelton, of this town, shoot at the distance of One Hundred yards at rest, ten balls in succession, which made but one hole, the puncture farthest from the centre measuring three quarters of an inch, and four balls driving the centre. The rifle was large, carrying half an ounce ball; weight of barrel 25lbs.; six feet twist and four feet long, with but five small scores.

The same gentleman, at the distance of One Hundred yards, with a rifle carrying 54 balls to the pound, six feet twist, four feet long, and weighing twenty pounds, shot five balls in succession, the first driving the centre, and the whole five making but one hole. Yours Respectfully,

PHILO BROWNSON.
HENRY TAYLOR.

"*Feast of Shells*" *in the Old Dominion*.—A friend writes us under date of Warsaw, to the following effect:—

I stumbled to a fish dinner at Shandy Hall, on the Rappahannock, the 15th ult., and brought off the Bill of Fare; here is a copy:—

Turtle soup,	Terrapin,	Sturgeon steak,
" pie,	Drum's head,	Crabs whole,
Oyster pie,	" boiled,	" baked in shell,
" fried,	" fried,	" fried,
" raw,	Perch fried,	Shad boiled,
" stewed,	" boiled,	Shrimp fried,
" baked in shell,	Sturgeon pickled,	Frogs.
" pickled,	" baked,	

At the side table, old Ham and Lamb boiled; Peas, Asparagus, Early Yorks, and Lettuce; Strawberries and Cream, Gooseberry tarts, Ice Cream, Cheese, Apples, and Nuts.

Servants to "come when called"—"do as bid," and "shut the doors." Ale "free, gratis, for nothing."

☞ How fishily we will treat you should you ever come this way.

W. H. T.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Fall Meeting will commence on the 2d Tuesday following the Fall Races over the Kendall Course. Purses, $1500, four mile heats; $1000, three mile heats; $600, two mile heats, &c. &c. One third of each purse is to go to the 2d best, if more than two start.

[june 8]

ROANOKE COLT SHOW.

THE subscription to the above Show will close on the 20th of this month. There are already a large number of entries—the get of Sarpedon, Shark, Emancipation, Tonson, Shakspeare, Gohanna, First Fruits, Profit, Goliah and others, to be exhibited on Thursday, June 20th, 1839, at which time the subscribers will elect the most experienced Judges from the different sections of the country, who will award premiums in Silver Plate to the first and second best colt, or filly, from both the one and the two year old stakes.

As this will be the first exhibition ever held in the United States *altogether* of thorough bred colts, the subscribers most respectfully invite all gentlemen to attend, who take an interest in fine horses.

There will be the most ample accommodation for visitors at the several Hotels, together with a large public dinner at 2 o'clock, by Col. George Rogers.

C. P. GREEN,
WM. TOWNES, } Committee.

Boydton, Va., May 15th, 1839.—[my 25th, 4t.]

Stallions for 1839.

☞ Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of Twenty Dollars, in this paper, no charge will be made.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 & $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $60 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

ANVIL, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (dam of Picton, Duane, etc.) by Sir Archy, at Station Camp (Hon. B. Peyton's farm) near Gallatin, Tenn., at $50 and $75.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, at R. P. Stark's stable, Hopkinsville, Ky., at $70 in the season, $80 on the 1st Jan., and $1 to the groom.

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Imp Gracchus, 12 miles west of Philadelphia, at $40 the season for thorough bred mares.

BILL AUSTIN, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, at W. B. Taylor's stable, near Montgomery. (Ala.) Race Course, at $50, and $1 to the groom.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Transport by Virginius, at the stables of B. R, Jenkins, in Fayette County, Ky., six miles south-east of Lexington, at $50—$1 to grm.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course Louisville, Ky., under the charge of Lewis Sherley, at $50 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, and $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E H Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 and $100—$1 to the groom

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn, at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, four miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at Chester Tow nand Centreville, Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna, at "The Reeds," Caroline Co., Va., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRAZY BILL, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, at R. B. Harrison's stable, 12 m. from Selma, and at D. Kirkland's in Autauga Co., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archy, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J., at $50 and $1 to the groom.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at Jas. Swanson's stable, at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ENVOY, *Imported*, by Mœmnon, out of Zarina by Morisco, at Lewis K. Grigsby's stable, near Winchester, Clark County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at the stable of Hector Bell, Esq., Winchester, Va., at $75 and $120, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe County, Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville county, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at the stable of Samuel Davenport & Co., near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford, at the stable of Jilson Yates & Co., Shelbyville, Ky., at $30 and $50.

GASTON, by Imp. Truffle, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, at Dresden, Tenn. Particulars hereafter.

HEDGEFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie by Orville, at Versailles, Ky., at $100 the season. Address Lewis Y. Craig.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, near Lexington, Ky. Terms hereafter.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of the Duchess of York, at the race course near Columbia, S. C., at $50, and $1 to the groom. Address George Fryer.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 the groom.

JORDAN, *Imported*, by Langar, out of Matilda by Comus. at John C. Beasley's stable, Plaquemine, La., at $100 the season.

JOHN DAWSON, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie, at Francis Gordon's stable, 1 mile from Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn. at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq. at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot near Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the grm.

LONGWAIST, by Sir Archie, dam by Pacolet, one mile east of Natchez, Miss., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MARSHAL NEY, by old Pacolet, out of Virginia by Imp. Daredevil, g. d. Lady Bolingbrook by Imp. Pantaloon, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $20, $25, $30, & $1.

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom'

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition, at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H., N. J., at $50 and $75—$1 to the groom

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Bason Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, own brother to Red Rover, at Edm Bacon's plantation, Twigg County, Ky., at $60 the season.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Orville, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, $75, and $100. Address L. Sherley

MONSIEUR TONSON, by Pacolet, out of Madame Tonson by Topgallant, in Bourbon Co., Ky., 5 miles from Paris, & 17 from Lexingtou, at $60 & $100—$1 to grm. Address C. P. Lee.

MEDOC, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Wood ford Co., Ky., limited to 75 mares at $100.

MAZYOUBE, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, at $25 to insure.

EMBARK, a full blood Arabian, at St. Mary's, Mercer County, Ohio, at $15 the season' pasturage gratis.

OTHELLO, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, at Maj. Samuel Ragland's stable, 12 miles N. W. of Huntsville, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Dalby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his second season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150, and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn.—limited to 20 mares at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza, (sister to Gallatin,) by Imp. Bedford, at the stable of B. P. Gray, Woodford County, Ky., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $75, $100, and $125, and $1 to the groom.

RATTLER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Robin Redbreast, at Lagrange, Tenn. Terms hereafter. Address M. E. Boyles.

RICHARD, *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky., at $50.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at the stable of John Wimbish, Halifax C. H., Va., at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHAKSPEARE, *Imported*, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens, at Robt. Hurt's stable, near Paris, Western District of Tenn., at $100 the season.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming County, Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B. Newsam's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala., 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125, and $1

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

TRUSTEE *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, at Geo. R. Robertson's stable, Central Course, Macon, Ga., at $80 if paid within the season, and $100 if paid out of it.

TOM FLETCHER (by Stockholder), the sire of Molly Long, Independence, and other good ones, at Batesville & Dripping Springs, Ark at $25 & $40 Address T.T.Tunstall & Co.

VOLNEY, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, at the stable of W. J. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Ala., at $40 and $60.

WILD BILL ("of the woods," late Pilot,) by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at the residence of Henry Stokes, one mile north of Huntsville, Ala., at $60.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 4½ miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. Jas. W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

WASHINGTON, by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Citizen, at Daniel Kiser's stable, Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, at $30 the season.

WARRIOR, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Emperor, at Gen. Thos. J. Green's stable, Velasco, Texas, at $100, and $2 to the groom.

ZINGANEE, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, if not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Dorwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantinella*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs., Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee. BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

AMERICAN
TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE MAY and JUNE numbers of this Magazine are published this day (June 1st) from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*." This number is embellished with TWO SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL. Two beautiful VIGNETTES on the Cover. It contains Eight Sheets, or One Hundred and Twenty-Eight Pages of letter press, on paper of the finest texture, and entire new type, cast expressly for the purpose. The Publishers submit the following list of the embellishments and contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

A FOREST JOUST, Engraved on Steel by Dick, after Landseer, R. A.
FLY FISHING, Engraved on Steel by Dick, after Cooper, R. A.

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This Magazine will be issued with punctuality on the 1st of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, at Five Dollars per annum, in advance. Orders and Communications to be addressed to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

June 1, 1839

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A. Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton [June1]

GOLD STAKE, LEXINGTON, Ky.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Fall of 1843, with colts and fillies to be dropped Spring 1840, two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $100 ft. Ten to make a race; to name and close Spring Meeting of the Kentucky Association 1839; the Association to give a Gold Cup of the value of $500.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. Morrison Pindell & Geo. Trotter name the produce of Shepherdess, by Apollo, and Imp. Glencoe
2. Also, the produce of Sappho, by Goods' Arab, and Imp. Glencoe
3. A. D. Hunt & J. Morrison Pindell name the produce of Kitty Cade, by Rattler, and Imp. Glencoe
4. Also, the produce of Marcella, by Alfred, and Imp. Zinganee
5. Sam'l Shy names the produce of Nancy Shaw and Frank
6. Also, the produce of Lady Jackson and Frank
7. H. J. Daniel names the produce of Maria Louisa and Medoc
8. Also, the produce of Maria's dam and Frank
9. James L. Bradley names the produce of Margaret, by Sumpter, and Imp. Zinganee
10. Also, the produce of Belvoir, by Escape, and Imp. Zinganee
11. Also, the produce of Neil, by Orphan, and Uncle Fowler
12. Also, the produce of Hughes' Robin Grey mare, and Uncle Fowler
13. Thos. H. Hunt names the produce of his Orphan mare, full sister to the dam of Eliza Jenkins, and Imp. Glencoe
14. Also, the produce of Aunt Margaret, by Trumpator, out of the above mare, and Hickory John.
15. A. G. Morgan names Kansas, by Hickory John, dam by Trumpator
16. E. Warfield names the produce of Dr. E. Warfield's mare Rowena, and Imp. Hedgeford
17. Also, the produce of Dr. E. Warfield's bl. m. Susette, and Sir Leslie
18. Henry Clay, Jr., names the produce of Heads-or-tails and Imp. Glencoe
19. Also, the produce of Goldevine and Imp. Zinganee
20. W. T. Ward names the produce of Bertress, by Bertrand, and Waxy
21. Also the produce of Polly Smallfry, by Bertrand, and Robert Burns
22. Charles Buford names the produce of Butterfly and Imp. Belshazzar
23. Also, the produce of Rodolph's dam and Imp. Belshazzar
24. Junius R. Ward names the produce of Black Eyed Susan and Imp. Zinganee
25. Also, the produce of Missletoe and Imp. Zinganee
26. Also, the produce of Peggy Stuart and Singleton
27. J. G. Boswell names the produce of the Duchess of Marlborough and Imp. Hedgeford
28. Also, the produce of Gray Fanny and Imp. Hedgeford
29. Also, the produce of a Sea Serpent mare and Bertrand Jr.
30. Also, the produce of Grane's mare, by William, and Imp. Hedgeford
31. Also, the produce of Ferguson's Bertrand mare, (out of Davy Crockett's dam,) and Imp. Hedgeford
32. H. W. Farris names the produce of Martha Woods, by Trumpator, and Frank
33. Also the produce of Frances Ann, by Frank, and Mingo
34. J. W. Tisdale names the produce of John Quill and Mingo
35. James Lindsey names the produce of Rattlesnake and Imp. Hedgeford
36. Also, the produce of Stockings and Imp. Hedgeford
37. Thomas Buford (by Col. Buford) names the produce of Vanity, by Bluster, and Medoc
38. Robert Moseby names the produce of Brown Mary, by Sumpter, and Mingo.
39. S. Davenport and J. G. Chiles name the produce of Althea, by Big Archy, and Mingo.
40. Also, the produce of Betsey Harrison, by Aratus, and Imp. Zinganee
41. Meredith R. Tarlton names the produce of a Gallatin mare, out of Woodpecker's dam, and Pacific
42. Also, the produce of the dam of Harrison, by Doublehead, and Woodpecker
43. John Cunningham and H. T. Duncan name the produce of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, and Woodpecker
44. Also, the produce of Jesse Cunningham's mare, by Potomac (dam of West Florida), and Woodpecker
45. Lewis K. Grigsby names the produce of the dam of Grayeller, by Bertrand, and Medoc
46. Also, the produce of the dam of Roanna, by Potomac, and Bertrand, Jr
47. George E. Blackburn names the produce of Letitia, by Whip, and Mingo
48. Also, the produce of Amanda, by Doublehead, and Mingo
49. James K. Duke names the produce of Keph's dam and Medoc
50. Also, the produce of Cherry Elliott and Rodolph
51. Geo. & John W. Brand name the produce of Lady Adams and Medoc
52. H. B. Stute names the produce of Yarico, by Sumpter, and Mingo
53. Geo. N. Saunders (by Lewis Saunders) names the produce of Diamond and Wm. 4th
54. Also, the produce of Tolivia and Wm. 4th
55. Thos. Y. Young names the produce of Milly Lane, by Tarlton's Rolla, and Frank.
56. J. C. Mason names the produce of Sally Hornet and Frank
57. Robert Burbridge names the produce of Sarah Miller and Woodpecker
58. J. W. Fenwick names the produce of old Lady Fortune, by Brimmer, and Imp. Zinganee
59. Sidney Burbridge names the produce of his grey Pacolet mare, out of Jane by Whipster, and Rodolph
60. Also, the produce of Mary Bertrand and Mingo
61. Also, the produce of his Waxy mare, out of Jane, and Mingo
62. Also, the produce of Eliza Henry, by Cherokee, and Woodpecker
63. Francis R. Hunt names the produce of Calantho, by Sumpter, and Medoc.
64. B. R. Jenkins names the produce of Sally Howe and Medoc
65. Also, the produce of Medoc mare Mary Bedford and Bertrand, Jr.
66. J. M. Estill & Remus Payne name the produce of Patience, by Hephestion, and Medoc
67. Richard Chiles names the produce of Eliza Jenkins, by Sir William, and Medoc
68. J. G. Chiles names the produce of Huntsman's dam and Mingo
69. Also, the produce of Eliza Tomlinson and Medoc
70. Thomas Kirkman names the produce of Imp. Gutty and Imp. Glencoe.

[June 8] J. M. PINDELL, *Sec'y.*

IN answer to correspondents expressing a desire to become subscribers to the stake of $2000, play or pay, Four mile heats, to be run at the Second Meeting over the Union Course, they are notified the stake is closed.

They are respectfully informed that a stake of a somewhat similar character is now open to be run on the Beacon Course, N.J., the week succeeding the Second Meeting on Long Island. It is as follows:—

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Four mile heats, with 4 yr. olds, over the Beacon Course, Second Spring Meeting 1839; entrance $2000, forfeit $500. To name and close 24th of May, 1839. Three or more to make a race.

[Mar30] ALEX L. BOTTS, Secretary.

FINE IMPORTED MARE FOR SALE.

A THOROUGH BRED BAY MARE, imported into the city of Boston, by Thomas H. Perkins, Esq. in 1833, is offered for sale on reasonable terms. She was got by Toby, out of a Grogg mare—is 15¼ hands high, and for symmetry and beauty cannot be surpassed. She has never been broke nor bred from, and is well worthy the attention of breeders of fine stock. She may be seen at the stable of Mr. WILLIAM FORBES, Boston, Mass., to whom letters (post paid) respecting her may be addressed, and will receive prompt attention.

Boston, March 25, 1839.—[M30-3m]

THE HAMPTON STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,	Duncan F. Kenner,	George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier,	W. J. Minor,	A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,	Fergus Duplantier,	T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver,	G. N. Sanders,	A. L. Bingaman.

weepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. subs. $1000 each. h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs. Address (post paid)

[my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

BERNERS' COMUS.

THE *Imported Stallion*, BERNERS' COMUS will stand in 1839 at Boardma Huntsville, Ala., at $80, insurance $100; $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation o being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient she bles; and abounds with pasturage. shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner, aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price.

Berners' Comus is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 15 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29-tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been at olle upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only prepared to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Granger & Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 20*l.*, to 100*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be ressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c, must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

[d1-tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race-Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due on 1st Jan., 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end on the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockholder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tennessee.

From the untarnished character of Old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29-tf.] A. B. NEWSOM.

MAZYOUBE AND OMBARK.

MAZYOUBE, imported by Capt. James Riley, from the Empire of Morocco, October, 1835, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, 7 yrs. old in May next, 16 hands I inch high, dark iron grey, and of lion-like form; stands at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, $25 insurance pasturage gratis. For sale at $5000.

OMBARK, imported by Capt. Riley, from Mogadore, Sept. 1836; a pure blood Arabian race horse, 15 hands 1¼ inches high, jet black, long round body, and finely formed from ear to hoof, 6 yrs. old in June next, stands at St. Mary's, Mercer Co., Ohio, at $15 the season, pasturage gratis; he is for sale at $3000. J. W. RILEY.

March 17, 1839.—[M30]

MEDOC.

THE services of this fine horse are again offered to the Breeders of Kentucky. He will remain at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford County, where he will be let to mares at *One Hundred Dollars* each, to be paid in the season, which will end on the first of July next. He will be limited to seventy-five mares. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, and excellent blue grass pastures furnished gratis. We recommend him with great confidence, believing that he has proven himself equal, if not superior as a breeder, to any horse that has ever appeared in the United States. His first season was made when he was only five years old, and last year his colts appeared on the turf for the first time, at 3 yrs. old, and numbered *Sixteen Winners at all distances, from One to Four mile heats.* The time made in these races will compare with any upon record. (See the race of Maria Duke and Curculia at Louisville last Spring, Mile heats best 3 in 5, each heat run in 1:48—Picayune and Musedora's race at Crab Orchard, in August, Three mile heats, run in 5:57—5:55—5:54,—Curculia's race at Lexington, Two mile heats, 3.52—3:52—3:54, distancing the field, track heavy.)

Out of the dams of these 16 colts, not one, except the dam of Curculia, ever produced a race-horse before. Nine of his colts have been sold for $23,500, viz; Curculia, $5000, Maria Duke $4000, Medoca $3000, Sthreshley $2500, Picayune $2000, Musedora $2000, J. F. Robinson $2000, Filly out of the dam of Ironette, $2000, and Ben Harrison $1000, when a yearling.

His colts are remarkable for their gaiety, beauty and symmetry, and as a strong evidence of their fine appearance, they have had awarded to them more premiums at the Fairs in this part of Kentucky, than the colts of all other horses together have received. Medoc's blood and performances on the turf, have been published in all the sporting journals of the United States, to which reference may be made. We wish, at this time, to present him as a very distinguished breeder, and hope that he will receive that consideration and patronage to which he is entitled.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 20, 1839.—[m2-t1J.] WILLIAM BUFORD & Co.

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of LEWIS K. GRIGSBY, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season, and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

ENVOY'S *Pedigree.*—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of ENVOY, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822; he was got by Whisker, (brother to Whalebone, Wire, Woful, etc.,) out of Manuella, the dam of The Abbott, Belzoni, Margellina, Nitocres, Belshazzar (lately imported to this country) and other first raters. Manuella was got by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri. [See General Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 687.] It will be seen that *Envoy's* pedigree combines the purest and most fashionable blood on the side of both sire and dam; his distinguished ancestry were celebrated as winners at long distances, carrying heavy weights; the stock of both his sire and dam are remarkable for their beauty, speed, and stoutness, winning at all distances, and training on.

Description of ENVOY'S *Sire, the renowned* MEMNON.—He was foaled in 1822; in 1824, when 2 yrs. old, he won his two races, and the next year, at the York Spring Meeting, he won the St. Leger Stakes, and at Doncaster, on Tuesday, 25th Sept., he won the *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 88 subscribers, of which 30 started; he won it so easily, that none but he and his great antagonist, *The Alderman*, were placed. He won many other races at all distances

Description of ENVOY.—He is now 5 years old, and was imported from England by the Hon. WM. WILKINS, late Minister to Russia, before he was 2 yrs. old. He is much improved, and looks remarkably well, with his points now finely developed. He is of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is over 16 hands high. The Proprietor has, at his stable, a colt by him, out of his old Moses mare, 18 months old, and now between 14 and 15 hands high, that is said to be one of the finest colts in the country; also, at the stable where he stands in Clark County, Ky., a filly foaled on the 14th April, 1838, out of the same mare, which is very large and very fine. To judge from these colts Envoy must breed well. Breeders and Turfmen would do well to call and examine Envoy and his colts [F2-tes]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

TO THE BREEDERS AND TURFMEN OF THE SOUTH AND WEST.—A portion of the Stud of Horses belonging to Col. JOHN HETH, of Virginia, will be sold for cash at Lexington, Ky., during the ensuing Spring Meeting. Among them are the following, of the most approved and fashionable stock.

1. *Chesnut Mare*, 6 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, out of Brenda (the dam of the celebrated race-horse and stallion, Collier,) by Young Whip, the son of Old Whip, owned by Mr. Cook of Kentucky: his dam by Old Medley, and her dam a Medley mare.
2. *Drunken Frolic*, out of Brenda by Sweet Larry, he by Sir Alfred, out of a full sister to old Sir Archie.
3. A —— *Mare*, 4 yrs. old, by Andrew (the sire of Balie Peyton), out of No, 2.
4. *Chesnut Colt*, 3 yrs. old, by Hotspur (the sire of Mazeppa), out of No. 2.
5. *Bay Filly*, 2 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of No. 2.
6. *Chesnut Horse*, by Sir Charles, out of Mr. Wickham's Tariff mare.
7. That beautiful stallion *Ormond*, one of the handsomest sons of Sir Charles, out of an Alfred mare.

☞ Several other horses, mares, &c., will be offered for sale at the same time, whose pedigrees and ages, in consequence of Col. Heth's absence in England, cannot now be obtained, but a full and authentic account of everything relating to the stock, will be ready by the day of sale.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 27, 1839. [m2.]

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats.) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¼ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury in one o his ore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—[J5-tf.I

VOLNEY.

THIS highly bred and beautiful young race horse, acknowledged to be one of thespeediest horses of his day, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of J. W. T. REID Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at Forty dollars the season, and Eighty dollars to insure a foal.

The following letters and certificates from the most distinguished Turfmen of Virginia, relative to the pedigree and performances of Volney, are respectfully presented for the perusal of the Turfmen and Breeders of Alabama.

The Pedigree of Volney.—Volney was got by Col. WM. R. JOHNSON'S horse *Monsieur Tonson*, out of Mr. WILLIAMS' brood mare by *Sir Archie*, and was four years old last Spring. A copy of the certificate of the pedigree of his dam, furnished by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., is given below, the original of which was found among the papers of Mr. Williams, deceased. RICHARD LOGAN, Executor of Samuel Williams, dec'd.

The sorrel mare, purchased by Samuel Williams, Esq., of the estate of Edmund Irby deceased, was got by Sir Archie, her dam Weazle by Shylock, out of Captain Sallard's celebrated old mare by the imported horse Dare Devil, dam by old Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's imported horse Fearnaught—her grandam, a chesnut mare called Picudella, was got by Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught, who was foaled in 1777, and bred by Mr. Edwards, of Hicksford, Va. Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught was got by the old imported Fearnaught, out of an imported mare, who, in the Spring of 1776, was purchased by Mr. Edwards of the widow of Col. Maclin, on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.—her g. g. dam was got by Col. Baylor's horse Godolphin, who was got by the Imp. Fearnaught out of Col. Baylor's imp. mare Jenny Dismal—her g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Hob-Nob, (this fine Hob-Nob mare was the property of Col. Archie Cary, of Chesterfield County, Va.)—her g. g. g. g. dam was by the imported horse Jolly Roger, known in England as Roger of the Vale—her g. g. g. g. g. dam was got by the imp. horse Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was by Tryall, who was by the Imp. Morton's Traveller.

The said sorrel filly, purchased by Mr. Williams, was a great favorite of Mr. Irby—so much so, that he entered her in a sweepstake, for which race she would have been trained, but his death made the entry void. W. R. JOHNSON.

Chesterfield, June 1, 1831. RICHARD LOGAN.

The above is a true copy of the original of Mr. Johnson.

Charlotte County, Va., Dec. 1, 1838.

Mr. P. A. PRINDLE,—*Dear Sir*—In relation to your enquiry respecting the running qualities of your fine horse Volney, I can inform you that I trained him the Fall after he was three years old, and run him in one sweepstakes colt race, Mile heats, which he won with great ease at two heats, in 1:51 each heat. I then sent him home to his owner, who died in a short time after. Volney was then sold. Mr. Phillips was the purchaser at $2500. In the Spring of 1837 he won the Proprietor's Purse at Lynchburg, Two mile heats, with great ease. The following Fall I met him at the same course. I started a fine filly against him, Two mile heats—he beat her in fine style in 3:47; no contest for the 2d heat. I then offered his owner $4000 for him, but he seemed at that time not willing to sell him. I believe he was a race horse of the first order, at any distance, and am truly sorry that his lameness has prevented him from showing his powers to the world.

In haste, yours respectfully, WM. MCCARGO.

In the Fall of 1837, at Oxford, N. C., Mr. PHILLIPS sold Volney to Mr. P. A. PRINDLE, of Richmond, Va., his present owner, for $5000 cash. He is the horse on whom the match against *Target* was made, for $10,000, single dash of Two miles. [F9]

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J: C.

WHEELING RACES.

THE Races over the Wheeling Course, three miles from the city, immediately on the National Road, will commence on Tuesday, 25th June next, and continue five days.

First day—First race, for 2 yr. old colts, Mile heats, for a handsome Silver Pitcher, *to be given* by the Proprietors.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. Entrance $50, h. ft. To name and close on the 1st of June next.

Second day—Two mile heats for a *Splendid Sett of Cut Glass*, manufactured in Wheeling—cost $250. Entrance to be governed by the number of subscribers.

Third day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Purse $150, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wheeling, March 30, 1839. JNO. E. NORVELL, J. H. OLIVER, } Proprietors.

[a13-5t]

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street. [A6]

JOHN DAWSON AND CRAZY BILL.

JOHN DAWSON was got by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie—g. dam by Berry's Medley—g. g. dam by Old Truxton—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Mousetrap. Grey Archie was got by Old Archie, his dam by Pacolet—g. dam by Wonder, and he by Imp. Diomed. John Dawson will stand for mares the present season at the stable of FRANCIS GORDON, one mile from Spring Hill, Maury County, Tenn., at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. John Dawson is a deep bay, full 15 hands high, 9 years old this Spring.

CRAZY BILL was got by Imp. Leviathan, his dam by Clay's Sir William—g. dam by Pacolet—g. g. dam by Imp. Sterling—g. g. g. dam by Medley. Crazy Bill is a chesnut, full fifteen hands high, and 6 years old this Spring. He will stand the present season one half of his time at my stable, in Dallas County, 12 miles above Selma, and the other half at DANIEL KIRKLAND'S, in Autauga County, Alabama, and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. R. B. HARRISON.

Benton, Lowndes Co., Ala. March 9, 1839.—[M30-3m]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the [Mar16-tf.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch; and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 8 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE,

BY CATTON, out of Emma by Whisker. Catton has always been considered one of the best, if not the best four mile horse ever bred in England In speaking of him he is called "the celebrated Catton." Trustee was likewise a first rate horse, and was sold when a 3 yr. old, for 2,000 guineas.

Trustee will stand at my stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, the ensuing season at the low price of $30 cash, and $1 to the groom. This rule will be strictly adhered to and no mare need be sent to him without the money, it being better both for the breeder and owner of the horse. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner. Season to commence 1st Feb., and close 1st July.

Union Hotel, near the Race Course. Dec. 1, 21838.—[d22] JOHN R. SNEDEKER

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country; unlimited business was guaranteed; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw aside all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact, Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little petty slanders relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season? each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, they are *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb., to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms—$100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more,

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, June 1—Mr. BALLS' Benefit—LUKE THE LABORER—Luke, Mr. Andrews (from the Boston Theatre, who has kindly volunteered his services); Philip, Mr. Howard (from the Western Theatres, who has likewise kindly volunteered). A Pas de Deux, by Miss and Master Wells—The farce in one act, of JOE MILLER—A Pas Suel, by Madame Arraline. After which the Glee of "Merry is the life of the Freebooter bold." To conclude with, for the first time in America, the Romantic Drama, in two acts, called THE BUCKLE OF BRILLIANTS; OR, THE CROWN PRINCE, as performed in London with great applause.

MONDAY, June 17—First night of Mons. and Mad. TAGLIONI; MY LITTLE ADOPTED—LA SYLPHIDE—and WAYS AND MEANS.

TUESDAY, June 18—Mr. RICHING'S Benefit—RICHARD III.; Richard, Mr. George Frederick Cooke, his first appearance on any stage.

WEDNESDAY, June 19—Second night of Mons. and Mad. TAGLIONI; SONS AND SYSTEMS—LE BAL MASQUE—and ROBIN HOOD.

THURSDAY, June 20—Mr. BLAKE'S Benefit.

FRIDAY, June 21—Third night of Mons. and Mad. TAGLIONI; SHOCKING EVENTS—LA BAYADERE—Zoloe, Mad. Taglioni—and MR. GREENFINCH.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, June 15—The Opera of LA GAZZA LADRA; Principal characters by Miss Shirreff, Mrs. Bailey, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Seguin, and Horncastle—with a popular farce.

MONDAY, June 17—Last night but five of the season; a grand opera, in which the whole of the vocalists will appear, being the last night but 4 of their appearance; with other entertainments.

TUESDAY, June 18—An opera, in which the above celebrated performers will appear; with other entertainments.

WEDNESDAY, June 19—For the Benefit of Mrs. BAILEY, when will be produced the opera of DER FREISCHUTZ, in which the vocalists will perform. Dr. VALENTINE having volunteered his aid, will likewise appear; with other entertainments.

THURSDAY, June 20—A variety of entertainments, for the Benefit of Mr. W. H. WILLIAMS, and last night but two of the season.

A CARD.

PARK THEATRE.—TUESDAY, June 18—FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. RICHINGS.

RICHARD THE THIRD

By MR. GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE; his first appearance on any stage.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The departure of Miss TREE is the single theme upon which to employ the pen to-day. The city has felt during the week as though each night were the last, for she has played a succession of her favorite characters, to leave upon the minds of all a final impression of the extent of her charms and her power. Her *Ion*, *Letitia Hardy*, *Viola*, *Julia*, in the "Hunchback," and *Beatrice*, have, each in their turn, drawn houses of the highest respectability and fashion, and notwithstanding the extreme heat which so oppresses you in a theatre at this season of the year, the pit and boxes have been crowded with her admirers. She has appeared, likewise, in favorite farces, to gladden all hearts, and her benefit last evening was such as no lady has received at this theatre for several years. The receipts must have amounted to *eighteen hundred dollars!*

The career of Miss Tree in America has been one of extraordinary success. More than any lady we can recollect upon the stage, she has endeared herself to her audiences; not an unpleasant incident has occurred, to our knowledge, to interrupt in the least degree the current of her success, and Ellen Tree, as all delight to call her, is as well known and as much loved in our remotest towns as in this city, which above all claims her as its own. Some signal compliment should grace her near departure. But Miss Tree should not be allowed to remain in England longer than to receive the congratulations of old friends and associates; it cannot be that they love her in England as we do here. Although at the head of her profession in her own country, *there* the honors and the highest emoluments of the stage are bestowed upon continental artists, like GRISI, PAULINE GARCIA, PERSIANI, and TAGLIONI. Every account represents the legitimate drama as suffering under a withering languor in the public mind as to its claims, and indifference that has proved nearly fatal; and this, notwithstanding the devoted and ambitious efforts of Mr. MACREADY to arouse public feeling. The current of fashion, and the love of music, have proved too strong for him, and the plays of Shakspeare, represented with more fidelity to the text, and propriety of costume and of scenery, than ever before, and with imposing casts of character, have failed to repay adequately the attempt. Mr. Macready now retires from Covent Garden, and Drury Lane has been over and over again disgraced the past season by exhibitions of wild beasts upon the stage, and more recently by being converted into a shilling concert house; the minor theatres are the only hope of the drama, and at the most respectable of these light comedy is alone attractive. Why, then, should Miss Tree remain in England? It is not to be thought of for a moment. Let her remain in England while KNOWLES, and TALFOURD, and BULWER may each improve the opportunity of her presence to bring out successfully some new play, and then straightway let her re-visit her friends in America, and make her home here. It argues ill for the softness of her heart that she is not already bound to the country, like many of her predecessors, by stronger ties than the most extensive and devoted popularity. A voyage to England, and the short separation, will redouble the attachment of her friends, kindle a new enthusiasm, and secure for her the most cordial and triumphant welcome to her home in America.

Reader! your attendance at the Park to-night is particularly requested, in honor to Mr. BALLS, who with a benefit this evening concludes the very successful engagement which he has been playing in conjunction with Miss Tree. He is the best light comedian we have in the country—brisk, bustling, keen-witted, and full of joyous fun; he ever keeps you in good humor, and helps off the lamest farces by his tact and *ubiquity*. In a good one he is irresistible. He played *Brumbley* on Thursday, in "Simpson and Co." What a farce is "Simpson and Co!" Never was anything better conceived, or better executed. POOLE wrote it, and it is certainly a *chef d'œuvre*. Ellen Tree's *Mrs. Simpson* is the most inimitable of jealous women; never was every look and gesture so eloquent before—you read her heart at the first glance, so admirably is the expression assumed. Verily, when we have seen Miss Tree play *Mrs. Simpson*, it has occurred to us that she does it too naturally—that at some future time she may play it in sober earnest. Certainly it is her best character in farce. PLACIDE, too, has the best of parts in her innocent spouse. Who but Placide can play the senior partner in "Simpson and Co?" The very hesitation which nervousness or hasty study threw into his personation on Thursday evening, seemed natural; no one could have played it better but himself. *Mr.* and *Mrs. Brumbley*, in this cleverest of farces, are characters only less strikingly drawn than *Mr.* and *Mrs. Simpson*; Balls and Mrs. Richardson played them capitally well; in fact, before a good house Mrs. R. appears to the greatest advantage; she derives spirit from it, a lack of which has of late years been said to injure the effect of her acting. Mrs. CHIPPENDALE, too, was not amiss in the only other character in the farce worth noticing. Long, long will it be before we shall see "Simpson and Co." so well played again. But we should again state here that Mr. Balls appears this evening for his benefit. His "bill of fare" will be found in another column, and we may venture to assert that the curious public will have an opportunity of witnessing such an entertainment in the way of "Light Comedy" as is rarely offered. Several distinguished "gentlemen of the buskin," of whose deeds in the provinces we have as yet only heard, are retained for this evening's amusement, and we may, therefore, anticipate a high treat in witnessing such an interesting combination of talent!

Mr. RICHINGS takes his benefit next Tuesday, on which occasion Mr. GEO FREDERICK COOKE will make his debut in *Richard III.* We announced this many weeks ago, but presume that it is now sure to "come off" on Tuesday.

On Saturday last, a sister of Miss CUSHMAN made her first appearance in Mr. SARGEANT'S play of the "Genoese." It has been thought a very successful and promising effort, although the nervousness and alarm of the lady did not allow her voice its full power. She is beautiful, and has a figure for the stage, —clever she must be, as the sister of Miss Cushman, and we hope to see her giving herself up to the work of the profession with all the assiduity of her sister. In hard work, not the inspiration of genius, lies the secret of all theatrical eminence.

The TAGLIONIS return here next week from a very successful engagement in Philadelphia. *She* will ever be welcome upon our boards, (for we still believe that *Madame* is by far superior to the gentleman from whom she has received so distinguished a name.) We are strongly in hopes the manager will find it worth his while to bring out some new ballets on this occasion. We are confident that if the "*chef*" would bestow but a little attention on these popular performances, the ballets of the Park Theatre would soon rival (if they would not surpass), the entertainments of a similar nature in London or Paris.

This is rather the season for speculation upon the attraction likely to be brought out for the next September season, than for actual attendance upon the theatre. Certain London papers have named Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, a comic actress, Miss INVERARITY, TEMPLETON, and GIUBELEI, vocalists. Although they are announced in a London paper as "on the eve of departure for America," we have no assurances to that effect on this side of the water. The "Corsair" of last week has the following notice of those already engaged, received from their theatrical correspondent, a man of taste, and intimately acquainted with the affairs of the London stage.

A private correspondent entirely *au fait* on all dramatic subjects and the English stage, thus speaks of the new engagements.

Miss Inverarity was some years ago engaged to succeed Mrs. Wood, at Covent Garden Theatre, and was triumphant. She was then young and beautiful. Suddenly she lost her voice, and was compelled to retire from the profession for some length of time. She is now the wife of Mr. Charles Martyn, a bass singer of great merit.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam is an excellent comic actress, formerly Miss Copeland, of Drury Lane Theatre, sings well, and is very pleasing. Her husband occasionally appears on the stage, he was the original Lord Dumbiedikes, in the Drama of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, produced at the Surrey Theatre. Mrs. F. is very much in the style of Miss Ayres.

Madame Giubelei is a French lady, formerly Mdlle. Proche, of the Italian Opera House, London, an exquisite dancer, and very pretty.

Mr. Templeton was first tenor at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, during the performance of the lamented Malibran, and went through the whole score of characters with her. He is an excellent musician, with a powerful voice.

Mr. Giubelei, (pronounced Jubilee) is a bass singer of high order. He is an Englishman, of Italian parentage, and his capabilities are about those of Mr. Seguin. He is also from the Italian Opera House.

The National.—"La Gazza Ladra" has not drawn half as well as it deserved, and the business of the house through the week has been much the worst we can recollect. But they will bear in mind that the season of warm weather having arrived, nothing but the strongest possible attraction will draw a house. It is understood that the house closes for the season in a week from this, which we consider a very sensible step. The National is so situated that it cannot compete with the Park in attracting strangers; it must rely far more exclusively upon our own citizens, who begin about this time to take wing for green fields or salt waters. In the vacation, the house is to be overhauled we learn, repainted, &c., &c., all which will pay the cost, even should no decided improvement be made upon the present appointments of the house.

The closing week of the season should be brilliant, as they are to bring out "Der Freischutz" with all the force they can command. Mr. SEGUIN as *Caspar* must prove attractive. This opera is to be presented on Wednesday evening for the benefit of Mrs. BAILEY, which we prematurely announced last week. We hope to hear that the receipts have been large beyond precedent.

Erratum.—"The 'School for Scandal' has been produced here (Chesnut street), but with a weak cast." New York Spirit of the Times.

"Fie, fie, Mr. Porter, but you must have written that on the Trenton race ground, *after dinner*. To call *Wood*, *Balls*, *Murdock*, *Harrington*, *Placide*, *Mrs. Sharpe*, *Miss Fisher*, &c., &c., a weak cast! Well I never!" Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

We confess that we were wrong altogether, though the article was written *before dinner*. Possibly the letter of our correspondent may have been written at a different time, however. The cast seems strong we freely confess, and we much regret that the error should have been made.

The Sylphide.—Mademoiselle Taglioni is expected in Paris on Sunday, on her way to London, where she appears at the end of the present month, at the Queen's Theatre, in the ballet of *La Gitana*, her last and one of her most beautiful creations. The triumphs and homage which are everywhere rendered to this delightful *artiste*, from the capital of the Czars to the cities of the south and west, are without a parallel. Previous to her departure from Vienna she was invited to a grand dinner by Prince Metternich, at which all the Ambassadors and personages of the highest distinction were present. The eleven representations of Mademoiselle Taglioni at the theatre were crowded to excess, though the price of admission was tripled: and the inhabitants of Vienna, not prone to enthusiasm, on this occasion indulged in transports of applause which Paris or London scarcely equal. Galignani, May 14.

General Theatrical Fund Association.—Tuesday afternoon a meeting of the members of the committee of the above association was held in the saloon of the English Opera House, Wellington-street, Strand, for the despatch of business, Mr. Elton, of Covent-garden theatre, in the chair. It appeared that the committee had been in correspondence with Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, Mr. Charles Dickens, [Boz,] Mr. Tyrone Power, and Mr. Macready, and that these gentlemen had in the most handsome manner consented to become trustees of the association. It was further mentioned that arrangements were in progress for the first benefit in aid of the funds of the society, at one of the metropolitan theatres, on which occasion most of the leading members of the profession had volunteered their services.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—One of those sparkling little burlettas which keep alive the audiences of this elegant theatre, was performed successfully last evening for the second time. The plot turns upon the double loves of Captain Augustus Hampton (Mr. T. Green) and of Timothy Trotter (Mr. Keeley) for Sophia Sprightly (Miss Murray), who has a maiden aunt, Miss Craw, as her guardian, which maiden aunt she incontinently suspects to have a predilection for one Mr. Lexicon, who is personated by Mr. Granby. Jenny (Mrs. Franks) and Tilbury (Mr. Kerridge) also have a love affair, and between the three couple, a cousin (Mr. Selby), and one odd lover for Sophia, it may be imagined there is sufficient equivoque. The whole joke and incident of the burletta are, however, put upon Keeley, who sustains them with infinite drollery and an irresistible dryness of humor. In the first place he is an extraordinary newsboy by trade, and in the course of delivering his papers, lets Captain Hampton, his rival, into the secret of his passion for Sophia, and shows him how he has slipped his declaratory letter into a copy of the Post, in order that it may reach her through that pleasant medium. The Captain, however, whilst treating him to a bottle of wine, substitutes a letter of his own, and Mr. Timothy Trotter is at fault. Sundry jokes are cracked upon the occasion—such as a letter going "*Post-free*," and being *inserted* without permission of the editor, &c.; but at last Trotter delivers the Captain's letter, instead of his own, to Sophia, who receives it favorably, and writes an answer, which Trotter opening at once in her presence, so discovers a mistake, which, however, she at once takes occasion to humor to her own advantage. She tests the newsboy by every supposed trial of his love, and, at last, telling him of her suspicions of a love affair between her aunt Miss Craw and Mr. Lexicon, persuades him to appear at one of their "moonlight meetings" as "the image of the black boy with the sun-dial," which had been set up in her uncle's garden as a fac simile of that in Clement's Inn, but which Jenny and Tilbury had somewhile back thrown into a neighboring ditch. Trotter is upon this errand told to go to his *post*, but he declares that, although he has played Gambia in "The Slave," still he didn't expect to have to do the *statuary* business, and thus there is a good deal of preliminary badinage. But when Keeley falls into position, and really plays "the Nigger and the Sun-dial," and all the parties "meet each other by moonlight," and mysteries are disclosed, and true positions cleared up, a budget of infinite fun is unravelled, and Keeley, as the pathetic arbiter of the fate of others, joins the hands of Captain Hampton and Sophia Sprightly, who, amidst bursts of laughter, recognize the virtue of the action, and join in the diversion and the pleasantry of the piece. Keeley's acting was funny, as it always is, and all who played with him exerted themselves smartly for the success of the burletta.

London Morning Post, May 15.

THE DRAMA IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh lately the following humorous address was delivered by Mr Murray, the manager, who had played the Jew, in *The Maid of Mariendorpt*, at the conclu-sion of one of the performances:—

Each year is marked by some peculir passion,
Some mania, elegantly termed a fashion;
With which said mania all must coincide,
For vain it is to struggle 'gainst the tide;
Especially for actors, who must swim
With the prevailing current, court each whim
That for the moment regulates mankind,
Else sink at once, "*and leave no wreck behind*" (applause,)
Or 'midst the waters should their mimic boat
By its own levity be kept afloat,
Pry'thee remember, magnates of the town,
The crew may starve, although they don't go down (laughter).
You smile to hear me talk of starving, *entre nous*,
Don't judge by my exterior (a laugh)—if you do,
You'll be mistaken, and hereafter find
I'm not "*the Justice with fat capon lined*;"
Yet own, with *Falstaff*, tho' in humour sadder,
Fasting and grief have blown me like a bladder."
(Laughter and applause.)
Sans food, I've ruminated on the means
To win you back again to grace our scenes;
And yet, what more to do than has been done
I know not—through the Drama we have run,
Now tried Thalia, now Melpomene,
Ranging from *Richard* to the *Dominie*.
(Much applause and laughter.)
Song, Dance, and Pantomime, have had their day—
I beg your pardon, evenings I should say;
While almost nightly, since we made our start,
Some radiant constellation of the art,
Of which the London boards had not bereft us—
And every Star America has left us—
Have shown in such succession that you may
Call the whole season *Murray's Milky way* (much laughter).
But all in vain, the great Ones of the City
Have left our bills to a Select Committee (laughter).
Who, scatter'd here and there, are nightly seen,
Like Angel's visits, few and *very* far between (laughter),
To them we're grateful, but the plan won't do,
We can't *exist* on the *judicious few*—
No—we must rally ere this season passes,
And, like our betters, "*agitate the masses*" (applause)
For, as you're perfectly aware no doubt,
We glory in "*the pressure from without*" (laughter).
Since *Joint Stock Companies* are all the rage,
Can't we form one to benefit the stage?
Come, take some shares, the *instalment's* very small,
Four shillings to the boxes, that is all;
With power to refuse a *second call*.
And if, in making out the *allocation*,
You win the fairer part of the Creation
To join the company, the thing is done (applause)—
Secure the Ladies, and the battle's won (great applause).
We'll do our best to please, nor need they fear,
One scene or word to taint the eye or ear (applause).
Or should they, weary of us, wish to see
A company of greater brutes than we (laughter)—
We'll try the Lions (applause)—and the Monkeys too [laughter]—
Goats Leopards, Panthers, Tigers—all the crew
Of four-legged London actors [laughter]—till we grow
A second *Zoological Depot* [much laughter and applause].

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

So much has been written and said of RACHEL, the new French actress, that we give another version of her success, from which it appears that she has not yet entirely eclipsed the ever graceful MARS. The following, dated May 1st, is from the Parisian correspondent of a London fashionable journal.

The first benefit of the star of the Theatre Français, taken last night at the Italian Opera House (the Odeon), was attended by all the rank and fashion of this capital. Not a place was unoccupied, and the assemblage of "our people" was particularly conspicuous. The *beneficiare* had chosen Racine's *Andromaque*, in which she sustains *Hermione*; and Moliere's *Tartuffe*, in which she enacted *Dorine*. Mademoiselle Rachel thus threw down the gauntlet for tragedy and comedy. I think she failed in both Her most zealous admirers admitted that *Dorine* was a signal failure. She has, to my mind, been prodigiously overrated. Histrionic powers she has none. Not one spark, not one burst of genius, was evinced in the long five acts of the tragedy. She has no impulse. It is all cold, studied declamation—excellent recitation, if you will, in a drawing-room, but entirely out of place on the stage. Admitting that she relieves the monotony of the verse, conceding that her enunciation is beautifully clear and distinct, fully agreeing in all that has been said in praise of the quality of her voice, I still must confess that I rejoiced when the tragedy closed, for even her tact could not relieve the long soliloquies from their fatiguing dulness. She has become, however, the rage of the day, and to what is to be attributed her success? Just because Racine and Corneille had long been at a discount, and it became again a fashion to acknowledge that France had still such dramatic writers; next, because taken as mere recitations, Mademoiselle Rachel's readings are pleasing and were new after the bombast of her contemporaries. Then her story, so full of romance, it piqued the Parisians, and then the *fouilletonistes* took her by the hand; in short, Rachel's popularity, now on the wane, is owing to any causes but those of her histrionic powers.

In respect to the *Tartuffe*, she was more readily understood by the audience than in the *Andromaque*. Whatever may be the defects of the French tragic school, as comedians and *farceurs* they are unrivalled. They lose sight immediately of the stiff trammels of awful tragedy and become easy and natural. Thus it is that we find the artists of the vaudevilles are so unapproachable—it is nature itself, not acting at all. Mdlle. Rachel, had she really natural powers, might have been glorified in the *naive Dorine*, but her stiff angular action and deficiency of the *vis comica* rendered the *soubrette* as solemn a personage as the Greek heroine. Except the dress, *Dorine* was in point of fact *Hermione*. The great scene with *Orgon* and *Mariane*, in the second act, and subsequently with the lovers, excited little hilarity—scenes so rich that the humor of Dorine almost plays itself. The most curious scene of the evening was the first appearance together of Mdlle. Mars and Mdlle. Rachel. Mdlle. Mars enacted *Elmire*, the wife of *Orgon*, and a charming performance it was, as full of grace and elegance as in times of yore, when she was the sole mistress of the Theatre Français. The fickle public, moved by the plaintive tones of that well-known voice, seemed to be recalled to its allegiance, and the applause was prodigal. Mdlle. Mars became the star of the night; it was manifest during the progress of the comedy, and at its close there was no doubt of the fact. I am sure the majority of voices called for *her*, "but, however," Rachel first came forward to receive a shower of flowers, bouquets, wreaths, and the curtain dropped. The cry was then universal for "Mars, Mars," and the company stopped till she reappeared, when the stage became a "champ de Mars," for it was one pelting shower of laurel, &c.

The Opera in Turkey.—The Italian Opera at Constantinople, as we find by accounts from that capital, continues to maintain the favor it met with on its opening. The house is not only filled every night, but the performances are much more frequent than at first. In the beginning none but the operas of Italian composers were given, but latterly it has been resolved to bring forward the works of other masters, and Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* is in rehearsal. The new theatre at Pera is advancing rapidly, and will open in September with *Don Giovanni* or the *Nozze di Figaro*.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

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